

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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8

MAY

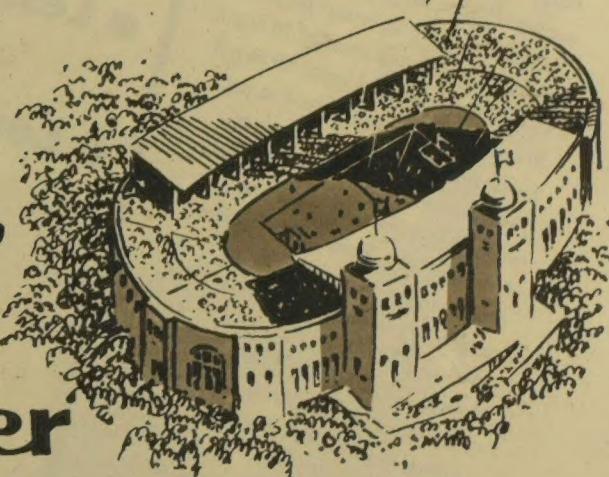


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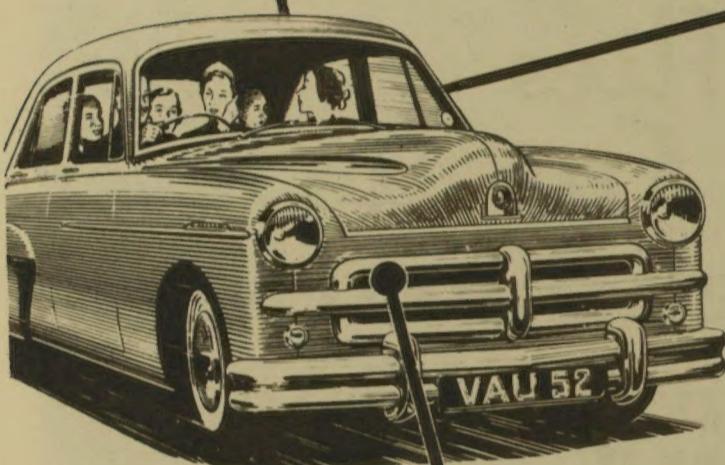
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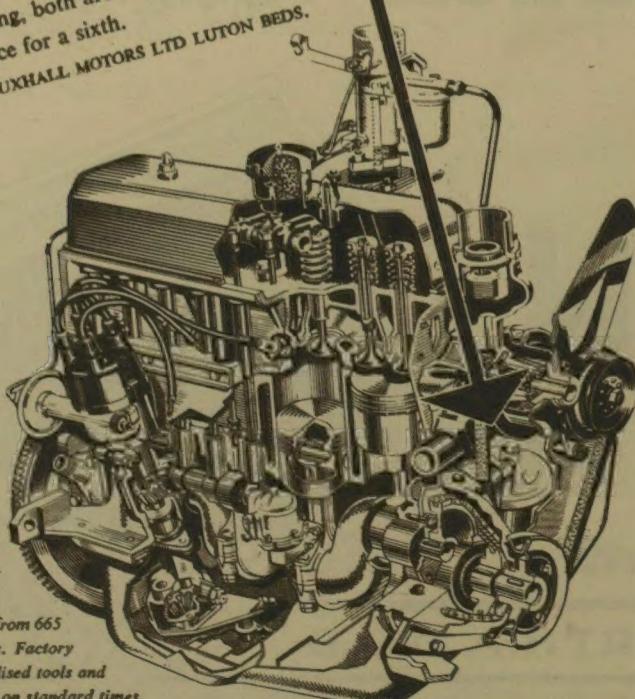
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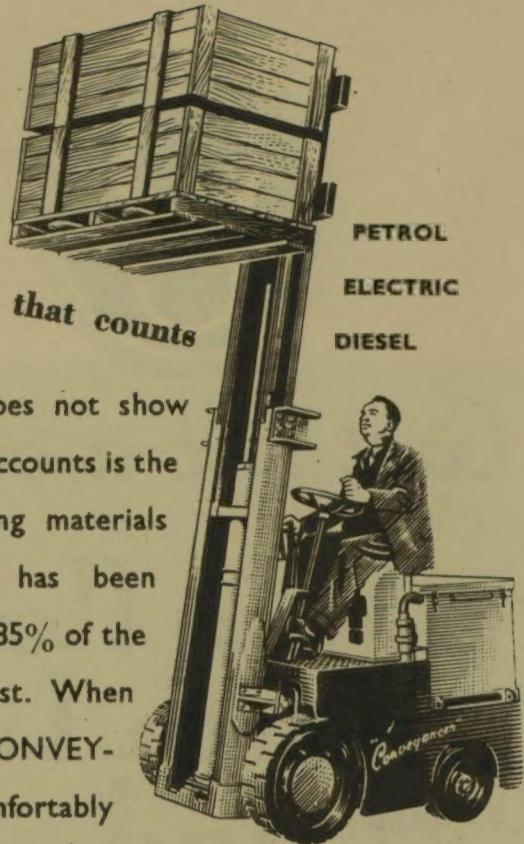
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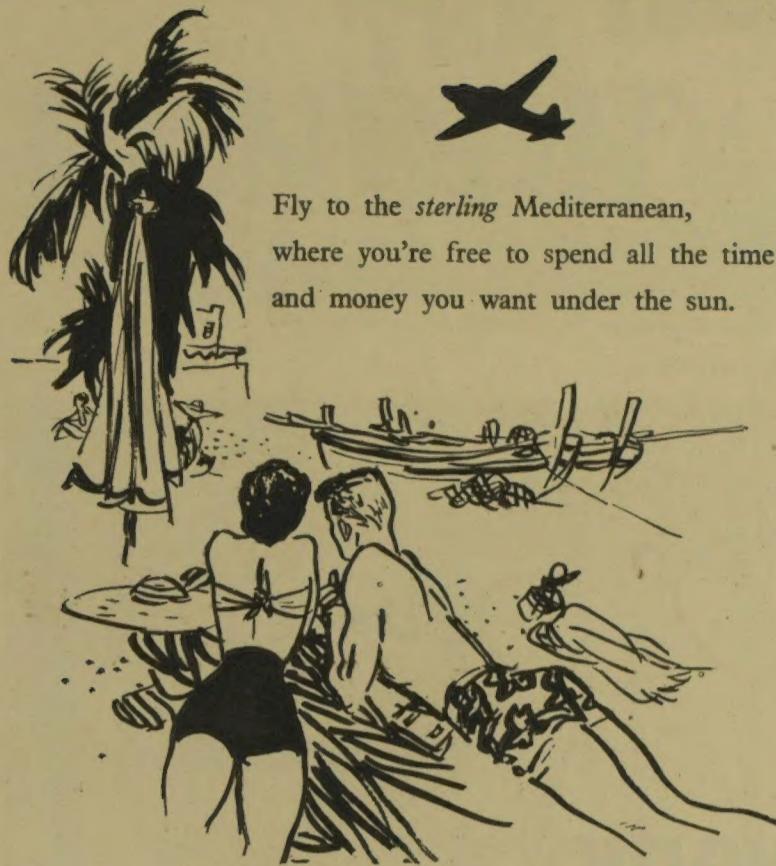
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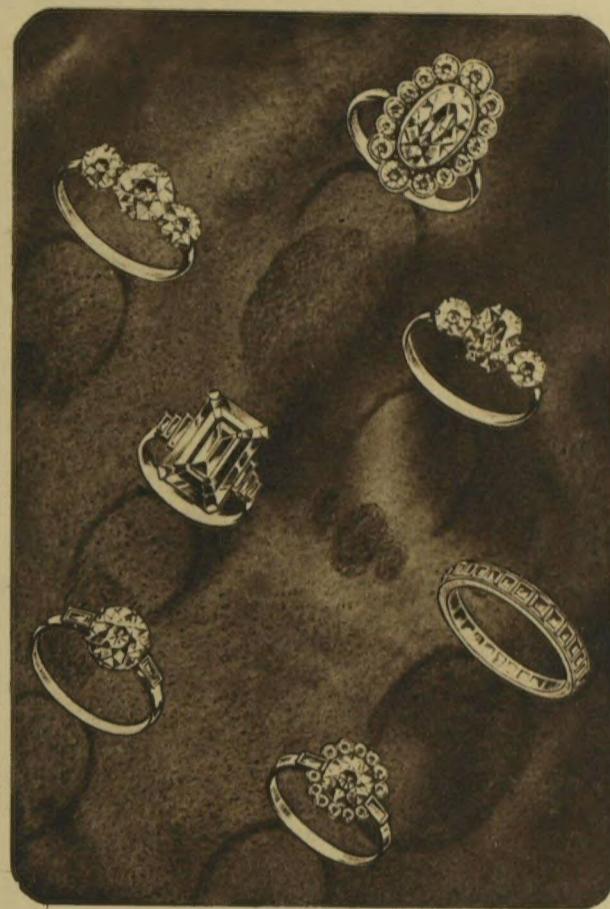


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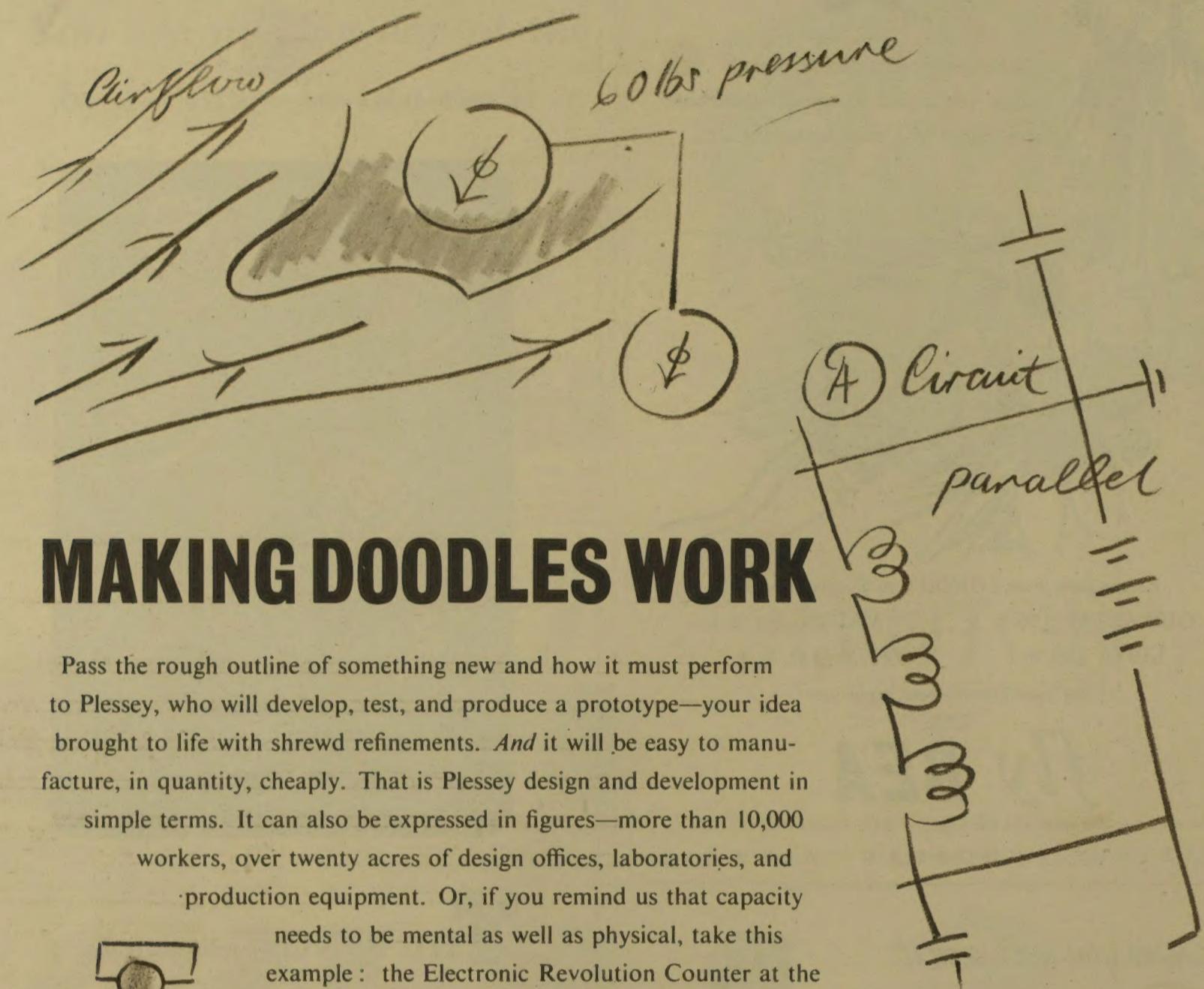
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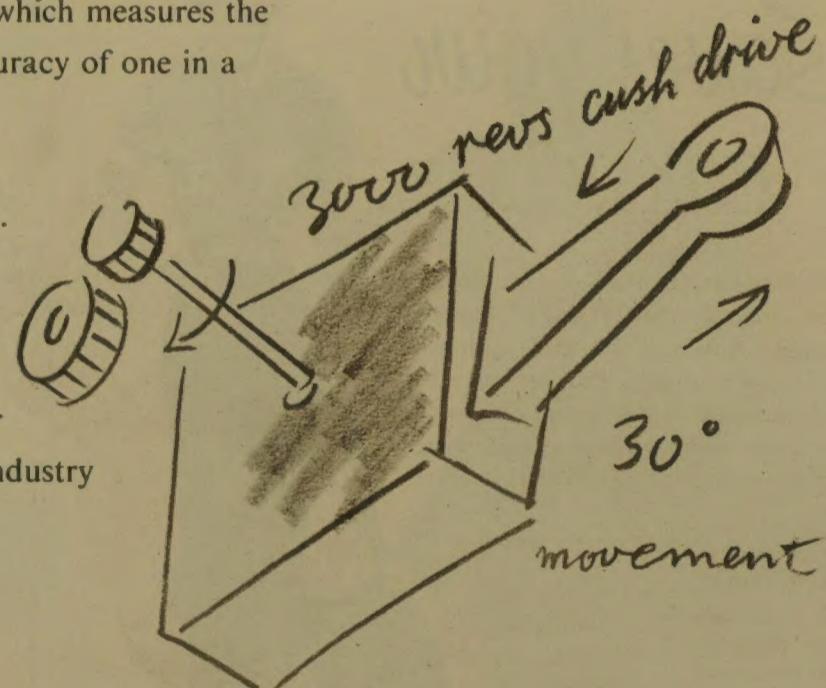
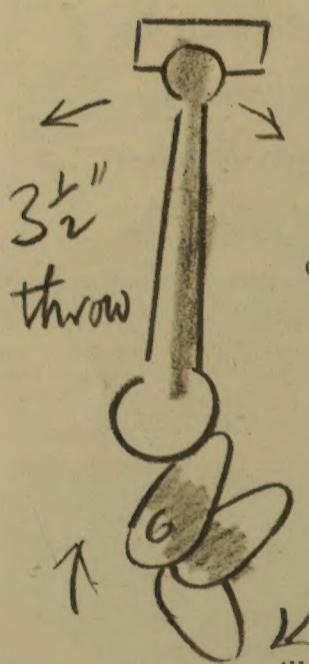
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SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1952.



THE HON. ROYAL ACADEMICIAN EXTRAORDINARY EXCELS HIMSELF: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S "ON THE VAR,"  
WHICH PROMISES TO BE A PICTURE OF THE YEAR AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, O.M., C.H., M.P., Hon. R.A., as Prime Minister holds the highest political office in the land, and his great gifts and achievements as a statesman, an orator, a leader and a writer are acknowledged and admired throughout the world. His hobby is painting, and in this field he has also achieved very considerable mastery. He was elected an

Hon. R.A. Extraordinary in 1948, and he exhibits regularly in the Royal Academy Summer Show, which this year opens to the public to-day, Saturday, May 3. The fine landscape (30 by 25 ins.), painted in the south of France, which we reproduce, is included in the works he is showing. The Exhibition is further illustrated on subsequent pages of this issue. (Copyright reserved by the Artist.)



## By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THERE are never less than two sides to a controversy, because there are never less than two points of view. As an example of this I recall a remark made to me, when I was visiting the Middle East during the last winter of the war, by a young ex-Trade Union lecturer and prospective Socialist candidate of great intelligence and strong conviction, who was serving with the Army in Egypt. I had been questioning him about the Sudanese, by whom, whenever I encountered them on my journeys, I had been much impressed, and among whom he had served. "It would be a crime against humanity," he said, "to hand the Sudan over to the rule of Egypt." Coming from such a quarter, his observation struck me very forcibly, for it was manifestly one which its maker would not have made a year or two earlier, before he had had practical experience of living in the two countries. What he almost certainly would have said before he served overseas—and he would have said it with equal conviction—would have been: "It is a crime against humanity for British capitalistic and military imperialists either to administer the Sudan or to restrain the Egyptians from doing anything they wish to do in the Nile Valley." His attitude in the matter, in fact, would have been very much that of Egyptian statesmen and patriots at the present moment. He would have regarded our own presence in the Nile Valley as an aggressive impertinence.

I am not expressing any view as to which of these opposing points of view is the right one, though, being an Englishman and having visited the Nile Valley, I naturally have prejudices and opinions of my own. "What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer! What matters is that a liberal-minded Englishman, very ignorant of the outer world, as Englishmen living in a small, sheltered island are apt to be, should automatically adopt the second of these two attitudes, and that, after living and working in the Nile Valley, the same Englishman should as automatically adopt the first. This fact explains so many of the contradictions and vagaries of British foreign and imperial policy during the past century. Up to about 100 years ago, the contradiction did not exist, for until then those who directed our policy at the ends of the earth were themselves mostly familiar with those ends; Britons who had not visited them possessed neither the right nor the wish to direct them. But all through our late nineteenth-century and twentieth-century history, the policy of democratic Britain has fluctuated, sometimes rather violently, between these extremes. Both attitudes have been expressed and held with great strength of conviction and even passion. The righteous and liberal-minded Gladstone was resolved that Britain should withdraw from the Nile Valley at all costs. The equally righteous and liberal-minded Gordon was equally convinced, and for equally lofty and disinterested reasons, that it was Britain's duty to remain in it. The difference in these two attitudes was solely due to the fact that Gordon knew the Nile Valley and its peoples and Gladstone did not. The consequent clash between them resulted in Gordon losing his life and Gladstone his seat at the Treasury Box. A good many other soldiers have lost their lives and politicians their seats and offices as a result of similar clashes on similar subjects.

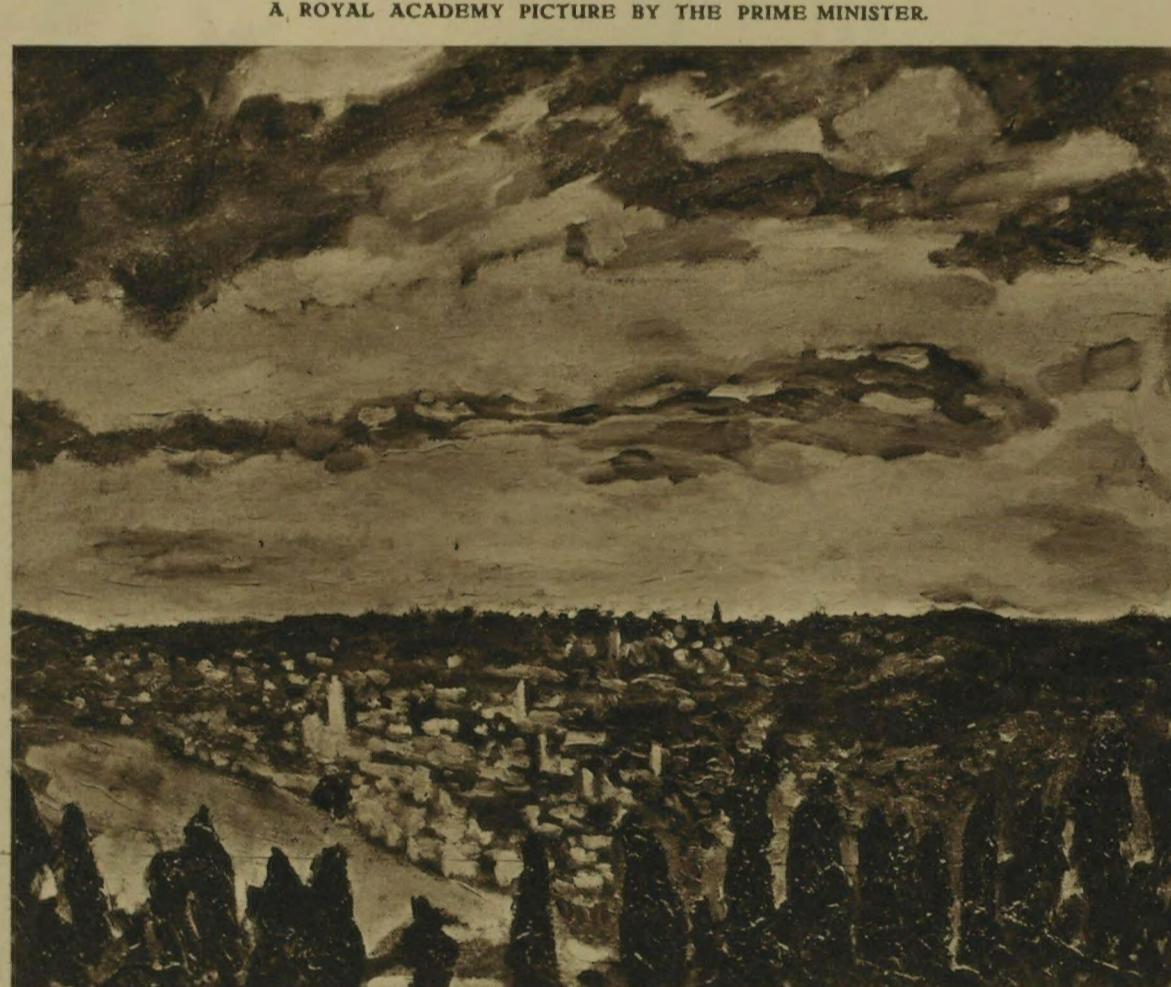
The explanation, I suppose, is that the people of this fortunate country, with their long, happy history, gentle religion and sheltered island geography, detest cruelty and oppression, react almost pathologically against squalor and disorder, and are possessed of an incurable itch to eradicate these whenever and wherever they encounter them. Often, owing to their equally incurable itch for travel and trade, they do so in other people's countries. This has not always made them very popular with those peoples, some of whom dislike strenuous self-righteousness considerably more than they dislike squalor, oppression and disorder. Nor are the British at all consistent in their dislikes and their expression of them. For possessing

very little capacity for imagining what they have never experienced, and cut off from the rest of the world by the sea, they have to be actually confronted with the manifestations of what they dislike before they react to them. Until then they mislead others as often as not by expressing views diametrically opposite to those they later come to hold.

The Sudan, when General Gordon was sent there seventy years ago, was almost as full of cruelty, oppression, squalor and disorder as Belsen and Buchenwald in 1945. It was the home of the slave trade, of constant anarchy and civil war, and of every sort of corruption and misgovernment. The Egyptian administration at the time was as incapable of governing the country justly and humanely as Egyptian troops were of defending it from internal and external disorders. At least one Egyptian army was completely annihilated by fanatic tribesmen, suffering at their hands an even more terrible fate than that of the Italian army defeated at Adowa in 1896 by the Abyssinians. Then the British, who had restored order in Egypt itself, took a hand in the game. Gordon made his heroic stand—so unjustly and stupidly dealt with in Lytton Strachey's brilliant, irresponsible essay—to save the Sudanese from the enslavement and misery of their lot, and Gladstone, seeing the problem through diametrically opposite eyes, left him to his fate till too late. Half a generation later, Kitchener of Khartoum

reconquered the Sudan for Britain and Egypt, or, rather, as the British administrators who took over the country maintained, for the Sudan itself. Probably no finer or cleaner job of work has ever been done in any half-century in history than that carried out by the British rulers of this vast, remote, equatorial land. Their work is now nearly completed; the Sudanese, rescued from slavery, revolting cruelty, famine, pestilence and civil war, are far on the road to self-government and self-determination. Are they, on the threshold of their national future, to be handed back to an Egypt which, in the view of most Britons who know both Egypt and the Sudan, is little more capable of administering the latter than she was seventy years ago?

To this Egyptians reply that Britain is not the judge of Egyptian capacity or intentions, that Britain has no proper place in either Egypt or the Sudan, and that the latter belonged to Egypt long before the British arrived in the Nile Valley. What is more, the existence of Egypt and of its vital irrigation system makes it essential, in their view, for the Sudan



"SUNSET OVER JERUSALEM": BY THE RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, O.M., C.H., M.P., HON. R.A.

Mr. Winston S. Churchill, the Prime Minister, is an Hon. Royal Academician Extraordinary, and he is again represented this year in the Summer Exhibition at Burlington House, which opens to the public to-day, May 3. On our front page we reproduce one of the landscapes he is showing, "On the Var," and here illustrate another, "Sunset Over Jerusalem" (20 by 24 ins.). Mr. Churchill gives as much time to his hobby of painting as he is able to spare from the duties and engagements consequent on his great office; and his pictures are works of art, which command the admiration of all discriminating critics. It will be remembered that his book, "Painting as a Pastime," published in 1948, records the pleasure his hobby has given him, and tells how he came to take it up. [Copyright reserved by the Artist.]

to be placed under the control of Cairo. Here is Britain, they say, maintaining garrisons and naval and air bases all round the world on the ground of securing vital British interests, while denying to Egypt its legitimate control of a territory as essential to Egypt's existence as that of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire to, say, the Thames Conservancy Board. What right has Britain, they ask, to place the supposed interests of the Sudanese before that of the Egyptians, whose birthright on the upper waters of the Nile was filched from them by the interfering British?

The history of international relations in our time has been full of such contradictions and apparently insuperable problems. They arise, I believe, from the habit of thinking in abstractions—one to which the modern world is peculiarly prone. It is easy to work oneself into a frenzy about the supposed rights of an abstraction like Britain, Egypt, or the Sudan, to feel intensely about them and to find that someone else, equally sincere and with equally cogent reasons, feels equally strongly about them in some opposite sense. But no one, seeing a fellow-man suffering as the prisoners in Belsen suffered or the slaves in the Sudan half a century earlier, need have any doubts as to his own and other men's duty towards that sufferer. Human beings are not abstractions, and if we could only, in our so-called patriotism or internationalism, keep our eyes on the actual well-being of the individual human beings concerned, we should probably find most political problems a great deal easier of solution.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1952: A QUARTET OF NOTABLE PORTRAITS ON VIEW.



"H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G., K.T."; BY EDWARD I. HALLIDAY.  
PAINTED FOR GORDONSTOUN SCHOOL. (42 by 27 ins.)



"W. O. HUTCHISON, ESQ., P.R.S.A., HON. R.A."; BY JAMES GUNN. THE SITTER HAS BEEN  
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY SINCE 1950. (44 by 37 ins.)



"SIR PATRICK HANNON"; BY SIR GERALD KELLY, P.R.A. SIR GERALD, WHO WAS BORN  
IN 1879, HAS BEEN PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY SINCE 1950. (49 by 39 ins.)



"MISS VIVIEN LEIGH AS CLEOPATRA"; BY A. K. LAWRENCE, R.A. THE SITTER  
IS IN PRIVATE LIFE LADY OLIVIER. (29 by 19 ins.)

The Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, which opens to the public to-day, always contains a number of important portraits of leading figures from various walks of life, by well-known artists. On this page we give a quartet of portraits now on view at Burlington House. Sir Patrick Hannon,

a leading industrialist and agricultural expert, is Vice-President of the Empire Industries Association. He has been closely associated with the Navy League for many years, and is the founder, and former Hon. Sec., of the Navy League Overseas Relief Fund and Navy League Education Fund.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY : LANDSCAPE, PORTRAITURE, STILL LIFE AND GENRE.



"FLINT AND ONIONS"; BY ELIOT HODGKIN, WHO IS REPRESENTED BY TWO WORKS IN THE CHANTREY BEQUEST COLLECTION PURCHASED IN 1936 AND 1943 RESPECTIVELY. HE IS A WRITER AS WELL AS A PAINTER. PAINTED IN EGG TEMPERA. (14 by 17 ins.)



Above.  
"HOMAGE TO DWIGHT"; BY CARLF WEIGHT, WHO FIRST EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1931; AND IS REPRESENTED IN LIVERPOOL AND MELBOURNE GALLERIES. (31 by 29 ins.)

THIS year's Royal Academy, the 184th Exhibition in the famous series, contains many landscapes of our countryside, painted in the nobly romantic tradition of Gainsborough, Constable and their followers; and also London views which show that unpromising-looking architectural subjects can be invested with strangeness and beauty by the vision and the skill of the painter. The portrait by Stanley Spencer is an outstanding piece of work by that leading artist; and Norman Hepple's "Charades" is a pleasing genre painting.



"NORFOLK LANDSCAPE"; BY ALGERNON NEWTON, R.A. AN OUTSTANDINGLY BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF A MOST DISTINGUISHED BRITISH LANDSCAPE PAINTER. (40 by 49 ins.)

"CHARADES"; BY NORMAN HEPPLE, AN ARTIST WHOSE WORKS HAVE BEEN PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA AND BY THE MUNICIPAL GALLERIES OF BRADFORD AND STOKE-ON-TRENT. (50 by 40 ins.)



"WINTER IN A LONDON SQUARE"; BY COSMO CLARK, A.R.A., THE WELL-KNOWN LANDSCAPE PAINTER. A ROMANTIC EVENING SCENE IN THE CAPITAL. (30 by 50 ins.)



"DAPHNE SPENCER, 1951"; BY STANLEY SPENCER, C.B.E., R.A., WHOSE RELIGIOUS PICTURES HAVE FREQUENTLY ROUSED MUCH DISCUSSION. (36 by 23 ins.)

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY: AN ARTIST'S STUDIO BY AN R.A.



"MODELS: LIVING AND LAY"; BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, R.A. (37 by 34 ins.)

THE subject pictures in this year's Royal Academy include this painting by Leonard Campbell Taylor, R.A., one of the best-known of contemporary British artists. The models, living and lay, are represented in an artist's studio, surrounded by the paraphernalia of a painter's craft—his easel, brushes, palette, paints, varnish and so forth, with a drawing half-concealed behind the curtain and a canvas propped up against a piece of furniture. This apparent disorder has been composed with great skill into a well-balanced design, and the artist has obviously taken great pleasure in representing the static, almost human elegance of his lay figure as a contrast to the living grace of the flesh-and-blood girls in the background. Mr. L. Campbell Taylor, who was born in 1874, was elected A.R.A. in 1923, and R.A. in 1931. His painting, "The Rehearsal," is in the Chantrey Bequest collection at the National Gallery of British Art; and he is represented by works in the National Gallery, Rome, and the National Gallery, Sydney. He has exhibited in the Paris Salon, the Venice International Exhibition, and in many provincial galleries in this country; and is well known for his "conversation-piece" portraits showing the sitters in interiors, painted in a style which has been compared to that of the Dutch seventeenth-century *genre* painters.



"HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WHEN PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DRIVING HER PONY PHAETON IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK"; BY ALLAN GWYNNE-JONES. (25 by 29 ins.)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: THE QUEEN AS PRINCESS, ASPECTS OF ENGLAND, AND SPANISH BEAUTY.



"EXCURSION"; BY STEVEN SPURRIER, ELECTED R.A. THIS YEAR, AN ENGLISH SCENE OF OTHER DAYS BY AN ARTIST WELL KNOWN TO READERS OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." (28 by 40 ins.)



"THE KEY TO ETERNITY"; BY CHARLES SPENCELAYH, ONE OF THE METICULOUSLY PAINTED INTERIORS IN THE TROMPE L'OEIL MANNER ASSOCIATED WITH THIS ARTIST. (21 by 29 ins.)



"CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA"; BY HAROLD WORKMAN, A VIEW OF ONE OF LONDON'S MOST BEAUTIFUL RIVERSIDE THOROUGHFARES, WITH CHELSEA BRIDGE IN THE BACKGROUND. (28 by 44 ins.)



"ALLEZ-OOP!"; BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., R.A., ONE OF THE CIRCUS SUBJECTS WHICH HAVE ALWAYS MADE SO STRONG AN APPEAL TO THIS PAINTER. (29 by 39 ins.)



"FAMILY GROUP; BERNADETTA, JASMIN AND CONSUELO"; BY SIR W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A., WHO HAS OFTEN FOUND INSPIRATION FROM GROUPS OF SPANISH DANCERS. (19 by 30 ins.)

The Royal portraits in this year's Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which opens to the public to-day, May 3, include an informal "conversation piece" showing her Majesty when Princess Elizabeth driving in Windsor Great Park, and the portrait of the Duke of Edinburgh which we reproduce on another page. Dame Laura Knight, always attracted by circus subjects, is showing

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among other works a lively painting of a turn in the "Big Top," and Sir William Russell Flint has in his "Family Group" remained faithful to the Spanish girls in national dress who have so often provided him with inspiration. Charles Spencelayh's *trompe l'oeil* paintings have long been a feature of the Royal Academy, and Harold Workman's "Cheyne Walk" is attractive.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1952: SUBJECT PICTURES—GHOSTLY AND NOSTALGIC



(LEFT.) "IN THE ROOM; A PROBLEM PICTURE"; BY SIR ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, K.C.V.O., P.P.R.A. (39 by 45 ins.)

SIR ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, Past President of the Royal Academy, famous for his paintings of horses and racing scenes, is exhibiting, among other works, a "Problem Picture" in this year's Royal Academy. Such a description was more familiar to Victorian and Edwardian ears than to modern ones, for it was formerly the fashion to provide pictures with "problem titles" so that visitors who were more interested in the "story" than in the painting could enjoy puzzling it out. Sir Alfred has obviously taken pleasure in presenting his ghostly scene, and in his highly skilful painting of the reflection of candle-light on polished mahogany as a contrast to the unearthly glow with which he has invested his phantom.



(RIGHT.) "A SIDE-BOARD I REMEMBER"; BY FREDERICK W. ELWELL, R.A. (45 by 50 ins.)

THIS impressive *nature morte* by Frederick Elwell, is one of his Royal Academy exhibits, and he has selected a title to underline the sad fact that the picture is more nostalgic than actual, for who, indeed, can boast such a sideboard in England to-day? Mr. Elwell, who was elected A.R.A. in 1931 and R.A. in 1938, was born in 1870. He studied at Lincoln School of Art and in Antwerp and Paris, and his works have been purchased for the Chantrey Bequest and by the Corporations of Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull, Bristol, Preston, Birkenhead and Bournemouth for their galleries.

## A BRITISH AGENT IN GERMAN HANDS.

"THE WHITE RABBIT." The Story of Wing Commander F. F. E. YEO-THOMAS, G.C., M.C.; By BRUCE MARSHALL.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"THE WHITE RABBIT" was one of Wing Commander Yeo-Thomas's aliases when he was doing liaison work between the British Government and the French Resistance groups. When the B.B.C. announced in its French transmission: "The White Rabbit has returned to his hutch," the rabbit's French friends were assured that he had completed his mission, eluded capture, and got safely back to his base. This book—one of the most fascinating, inspiring and horrible personal narratives which have been produced by the war—describes his adventures. It divides naturally into two parts. The first describes his experiences here and in France before the Germans seized him in a Paris street and clapped handcuffs on him: the second deals with his long and almost incredible ordeal while in the hands of his captors. The story is told not by himself but by an old friend. It is so "real" that most of it reads as though he had dictated it himself in the third person—a tribute to Mr. Marshall's handling of his materials.

The prologue to the story is unusual enough. Yeo-Thomas, born of a family long resident in France, was, when the war broke out, a director of Molyneux's dress-shop in Paris, which one wouldn't have thought of as an antechamber to danger and glory. But he had had his taste of adventure long before. "Although under age he had served with the Allied armies in the latter part of the 1914-1918 war and, not satisfied with this introit to arms, had fought for the Poles against the Russians during 1919 and 1920. He was captured by the Bolsheviks at Zitomir and sentenced to death, but managed to escape the night before he was due to be shot. Since then he had worked in Paris, firstly as an apprentice mechanic with Rolls-Royce and later as an accountant with a firm of

"examinations" in Paris in the sort of rooms and by the sort of men already familiar to us in the pages of "Odette"; then Fresnes; and then Buchenwald and other prisons, with death always imminent.

Much has been written about those camps; but I have read no narrative so full or so utterly sickening



WING COMMANDER YEO-THOMAS WITH HIS NAMESAKE.  
Photograph by Doreen Spooner.

as this. The reader who is prepared to face the worst that men can think of for the sake of contemplating the finest that men can do will find both here, and a great deal of portraiture and contrivance also. And

towards the close, if he is a novice in Teutonic studies, he will find himself surrounded by torture-chambers and human slaughter-houses listening, on a Christmas Eve, with the prisoners, to the butchers warbling the carol "Stille nacht, heilige nacht." A definitely musical race!

As a story of personal heroism, as a sidelight on certain aspects of the war, as an account of the hitherto unimagined hells in which the Germans tortured, starved, butchered, killed and burnt doomed hosts of prisoners, male and female, Jew and Gentile, military and civil, this book is likely to have a long life. In most regards Mr. Marshall has done his job remarkably well; he has a considerable narrative and descriptive gift and, during most of the book, we live with Yeo-Thomas and not with his biographer. But

he has one great defect: he will barge in with his own opinions, cheap sarcasms and attempts at dramatic contrast. He says in his Preface: "Although the opinions expressed in this book are not necessarily Yeo-Thomas's they are not those of one who has never been in action"—which very sentence suggests that he fears to be mistaken for a fire-eating civilian with a contempt for professional fighting-men, especially high-ranking ones. But why drag in these opinions, which are completely out of keeping with the main body of the text?

He tells a story about Yeo-Thomas being ticked-off for not having read an Air Ministry Order which had appeared while he was in Occupied France, and has to phrase his commentary: "Familiar as he was with the stupidity of officers promoted from their peacetime obscurity to conduct a war they didn't understand, Yeo-Thomas was flabbergasted. Did the braided oaf really imagine that while a man was facing torture and death he had the opportunity of keeping himself informed of the permutations of badges and phylacteries?" Why must a man who had made a pardonable mistake be called "a braided oaf"? Describing "Tommy's" endurance under torture he is constrained to say: "He could not keep what militarists and muscular clergymen used to call a stiff upper lip because his upper lip was smashed, but he obstinately held to the only loyalty he knew: he said nothing, and by so doing proved himself to be that rarity in a world of mean shifts and compromise: a man of integrity." During another grim experience: "Tommy's face took

on the stubborn expression with which he was accustomed to confront bullying bank-managers and ivory-from-the-navel-up air commodores"; while Mr. Marshall thinks it funny to remark of a Service office: "Into both buildings, morning and

evening, there also poured a stream of pretty secretaries, many of them, in the words of a popular lady novelist, 'with a subtle something in their eyes that swiftly roused the beast that lies in men.' And at the close, when his story of unsurpassed courage and resolution has come to a natural end with the hero's escape and reception by the advancing American forces, he must needs jar the reader's feelings and spoil his own effect, with a third-rate cynical "Epilogue." Yeo-Thomas is depicted as back in Molyneux's show-room with a revolting Englishwoman trying to cajole a discount out of him. And the interview ends on this note: "Outside in the rue Royale there was a honking of horns. The new Gadarene rush was on. In their black-market cars run with illicit petrol the pirates of butter, eggs and cheese rode over the bones of twenty million dead. Beside the shiny extortions sat their lacquered concubines, geared to all the gyrations of lust, gliding past Golgotha with their new 1947 breasts sticking out through their blouses like buffers.

"Mister Toemar, are you going to be a darling and help me? I've got ever such a clever suggestion. . . ."

"But Yeo-Thomas did not answer. Perhaps he wasn't listening. Perhaps he was thinking of Brossollette and of Hubble and of Kane and all the other brave men who had died sorely that nobility might come back into the world."

Moscow may, of course, like to deduce from these pages the incompetence of high-ranking capitalist officers and the rigid capitalist convention that a woman in a car with a man mustn't be his wife. But I'm not bothering about Moscow. I have quoted these passages merely because I think that they are out of keeping with the book as a whole in which, generally speaking, so noble a theme is so capably handled.

### CARTE D'IDENTITÉ

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MANUFACTURED IN LONDON DURING THE WAR: AN IDENTITY-CARD FOR FRANÇOIS YVES TIRELLI, ANOTHER OF THE IDENTITIES ASSUMED BY WING COMMANDER YEO-THOMAS.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The White Rabbit"; by courtesy of the publishers, Evans Brothers, Ltd.

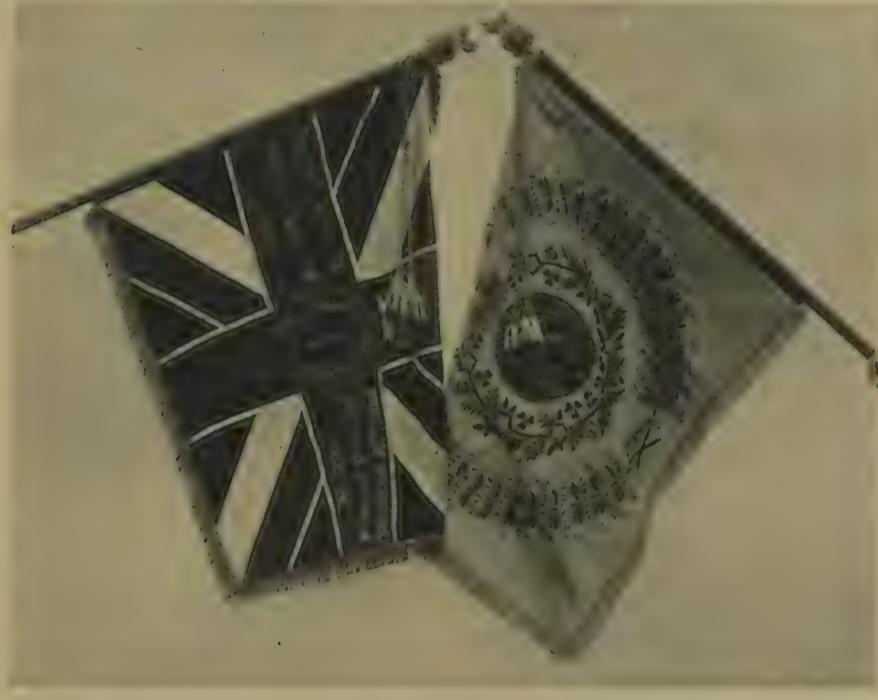
They would not be missed if removed from future editions, and the book would be greatly improved. Mr. Marshall writes like an artist when he forgets himself and his peevish views.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 770 of this issue.

## NEW COLOURS FOR THE GLOUCESTERS.



THE FIRST PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO A REGULAR BATTALION OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT IN THE CITY OF GLOUCESTER SINCE 1782: A VIEW OF THE CEREMONY.



THE NEW COLOURS OF THE 1ST BATTALION THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT: (LEFT) THE QUEEN'S COLOUR AND (RIGHT) THE REGIMENTAL COLOUR WHICH BEARS A SPHINX.



MARCHING PAST THEIR COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: THE 1ST BN. THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS.

On April 27 H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel-in-Chief of The Gloucestershire Regiment, presented new Colours to the 1st Battalion at Gloucester Park, the first time that new Colours had been presented to a regular Battalion of the Regiment in the city of Gloucester since 1782. The Duke was accompanied by the Duchess of Gloucester, and they were met at Moreton Valence airfield by the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. In his address the Duke of Gloucester said: "Your battle honours bear witness to the part the Regiment has played in our national history.... But I would dwell rather on your splendid and more recent action in Korea, in which some of you present took an active part. All of us regret that Colonel Carne and your other gallant comrades who are prisoners of war cannot be here to-day." After the ceremony the Battalion marched through the city with Colours flying, drums beating and with bayonets fixed—a privilege granted in 1945.

## THE QUEEN'S SCOUTS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

On April 27 H.M. the Queen took the salute at a march-past of Queen's Scouts and holders of scout awards for gallantry in the quadrangle of Windsor Castle. This was the thirteenth parade of its kind, the first having been held in the reign of George V. Before the marching column arrived the Queen, accompanied by the Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan, walked along the ranks of scout representatives of the Commonwealth and foreign countries, County Commissioners and headquarters officials and shook hands with each of them and then crossed to a corner of the quadrangle where disabled scouts were waiting and spoke to them. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Margaret and the Duke of Edinburgh, then took her place at the saluting-point as the column of Queen's Scouts entered through the George IV Gate and, passing round the quadrangle, marched out by the Norman Gate to St. George's Chapel, where a service, which included a special prayer of thanksgiving for the life of the late King, was conducted by the Dean of Windsor.



TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST OF QUEEN'S SCOUTS AT WINDSOR: H.M. THE QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET AND (LEFT) THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



TALKING TO DISABLED SCOUTS WHO WATCHED THE PROCEEDINGS FROM A CORNER OF THE QUADRANGLE: THE QUEEN AT THE ANNUAL PARADE OF SCOUTS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



INSPECTING REPRESENTATIVES OF COMMONWEALTH AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND COUNTY COMMISSIONERS: H.M. THE QUEEN, WITH THE CHIEF SCOUT, LORD ROWALLAN, BEFORE THE MARCH-PAST.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

MANY years ago — to me it seems a hundred, though I feel sure it must have been less — the Royal Horticultural Society used to hold their great Summer Show at Holland House. One entered by a long drive, bordered by trees and rough undergrowth, and then turned into a spacious meadow, where the show was held. This meadow was surrounded on three sides by trees. On the third side was Holland House itself, set amidst what looked like formal gardens. As far as I can remember it was the only house in sight, which was remarkable, in view of the fact that one was in a busy, thickly populated part of London. I never visited the house and the gardens, which were open to show visitors at a moderate charge. I was always too busy trying to earn a living as an exhibitor. But there was one thing about the long entrance drive which always astonished me, and which astonishes me to this day when I look back on it. In the more open spaces among the trees that flanked the drive were extensive breadths of fine, hearty rough country grass, with an authentic sprinkling of tall country weeds, docks, thistles and beds of splendid nettles. In fact, here was genuine wildness, such as one might find on any country estate that was not too meticulously "kept up." It was the fact of a London garden large enough to be able to afford and carry off such casual wildness that astonished and pleased me. Probably this remnant of wild nature was left over from the days when Holland House really was in the depths of the country. And, maybe, in the days of the great flower shows, those nettles and other rude weeds were a constant reproach to their owner and his head gardener.

I wonder if many people—indeed, if any—share my liking for genuine wildness in certain parts of the garden. I don't mean the so-called "wild garden," in which plants from all parts of the world are scattered around with studied casualness. I mean portions of the garden which have really gone native or, better still, remained native.

My own garden, which is something under a couple of acres, had been running wild for about ten years before I took it over. To-day only a relatively small portion of it has actually been developed and cultivated. The rest is rough grass, seas of cow parsley in season, noble expanses of nettles, and so forth, and I can say quite honestly and without affectation that I get great pleasure from some of the wildest and weediest parts of my garden. On the other hand, I like to see the paths and beds and borders reasonably weedless and ship-shape. It would bore me to extinction to have the whole place all dolled up to the nines with beds and borders, mown lawns and trim hedges, colour schemes, and, of course, a sundial, a bird-bath and a pergola, and not a weed in sight.

Following up this theme and theory about wildness and weeds, I suggest that it would be an interesting experiment if a genuine wild garden could be established

## IN PRAISE OF NETTLES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

in one of the London parks. It should be a replica of what one might find on the outskirts of any common in the depths of the country. It would, of course, have to be fenced in, but it should be so arranged that the public could approach it from all sides. It should have a maximum of frontage, and just enough depth through from all points to give a feeling of depth and space. Part should be thin, half-open woodland, and the rest rough grass, briars,

brambles, and such plants as thistles, cow parsley and nettles, bluebells and the little wild daffodil. There should be a few—I repeat, a few—rabbits. It would, I think, be necessary to make it widely known what was the object of this piece of wilful neglect, namely, that jaded town-dwellers might come and rest their eyes after an orgy of colour among the tulips, the summer bedding-out, and the dahlias in other parts of the park, and that they might come and enjoy a

us to-day; names which don't sound too good, even to mention.

Urtication, or flogging with nettles, was at one time a remedy for chronic rheumatism, and Goldsmith has recorded the "rubbing of a cock's heart with stinging nettles to make it hatch hens' eggs." It should be remembered, too, that "if planted in the neighbourhood of beehives the nettle will serve to drive away frogs," and also—this according to Gerard—"the nettle is a good medicine for them that can not breathe unless they hold their necks upright."

The fibres from the stems of nettles were formerly used for making thread and linen. The poet Campbell says in a letter, "I have slept in Nettle sheets, and dined off Nettle table cloth, and I have heard my mother say that Nettle cloth is more durable than any other linen."

The great Soyer tried in vain to appreciate nettles as an article of food, and if he could not make them palatable—what a hope! On the other hand, Pepys, in his diary, February 1661, writes: "We did eat some Nettle porridge, which was made on purpose to-day for some of their coming, and was very good." In "Rob Roy," Andrew Fairfayre says: "Nae doubt I should understand my trade of horticulture, seeing I was bred in the parish of Dreepdale, where they raise long kale under glass, and force the early nettles for their spring kale."

I have a theory that in the past folk ate nettles for want of something better, whilst to-day they eat them with a sort of holy glow, believing that they are doing them a power of good. Nettles as food for domestic animals are another matter. Poultry farmers give tender nettle-tops to their young turkeys. Whether there is any special virtue in this diet I do not know, but, anyway, it's cheap and the turkeys seem to enjoy it.

On one or two occasions I have kept tame rabbits for table purposes—as a sort of insurance—and fed them largely on rough hay, much of which consisted of dried nettles from my precious nettle-beds. I noticed that invariably the rabbits picked out and ate with special relish the crisp nettle-hay. In this matter they were doubtless in full agreement with Marie Lloyd about "a little of what you fancy." The only economic use to which I put my nettles to-day is to have them cut twice a year and stacked on to the compost heap. I have been told by a compost enthusiast that nettles make finer compost, richer in all the right salts, etc.,

than any other herbage. That may be so. I am content that they provide in plenty a compost which my kitchen garden and its inhabitants seem to relish.

Fortunately, nettles are reasonably easy to control or even destroy. They are surface rooters, and their tough mats of woody roots may be forked out by anyone who is fairly strong in the back. There is, too, a method of beating the nettle growth every time it springs up, until the plants die of exhaustion. I have tried this and from sheer exhaustion gave it up. A sprinkling of sodium chlorate is so much simpler and more thorough.



THE LARGE-LEAVED PERENNIAL NETTLE, NOW CALLED *Urtica dioica*; HERE SHOWN IN THE FINE WOODCUT IN "DE HISTORIA STIRPIUM," WHICH WAS PUBLISHED AT BASEL IN 1542 BY THE GERMAN PHYSICIAN AND BOTANIST LEONHARD FUCHS (1501-1566).

suggestion of real wild country, without having to sit for an hour or more in a motor-coach in order to reach such an amenity.

But Holland House has led me far astray from what I intended to write about—the neglected and much misunderstood nettle.

In the past, nettles have been put to innumerable uses. The old herbalists used them for ills whose names are strange to



THE SMALL-LEAVED ANNUAL NETTLE, *Urtica urens*: FROM A PLATE IN CURTIS'S "FLORA LONDINENSIS," 1835. BOTH PLATES ARE EXAMPLES OF WHAT A GOOD BOTANICAL ARTIST CAN MAKE OF THE MOST UNINVITING SUBJECT.

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WAR AGAINST SANDHOPPERS: A HELICOPTER FLYING AT A FEW FEET ABOVE WORTHING BEACH AND SPRAYING THE SAND AND SHINGLE WITH D.D.T. FLUID.

Hand-spraying against sandhoppers, which are such a nuisance to holiday-makers, has been practised on many holiday beaches; but Worthing Corporation have recently employed a Cambridge firm to spray the Worthing beaches from a helicopter. The whole spraying operation in this way took only an hour-and-a-half.



WHERE A U.S. THUNDERJET CRASHED INTO A THANET VILLAGE: FIREMEN AND U.S. AIR FORCE PERSONNEL SPRAYING THE BURNING RUINS OF A BANK AND AN IRONMONGER'S SHOP.

During the morning service on April 27, in which the sermon had been a little longer than usual, a U.S. Thunderjet fighter, with a fuel tank on fire, crashed into the deserted street of St. Peter's-in-Thanet, near Broadstairs, and struck a branch of Lloyd's Bank and a small ironmonger's next door, in which paraffin was stored. The pilot was killed instantly and it was later discovered that the shopkeeper and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. William Read, were killed in their cellar. Several other people were injured.



SOME OF THE DEVASTATION CAUSED IN MENTON, IN THE FRENCH RIVIERA, BY THE RECENT LANDSLIDES, WHICH DESTROYED TWENTY-FIVE BUILDINGS AND KILLED AT LEAST THIRTEEN PEOPLE.

On April 24, after torrential rainstorms following a long drought, landslides carried away twenty-five buildings in the French Riviera town of Menton. At least thirteen people are believed killed, either drowned or buried in the seas of mud and debris. The damage was worst in the Carei Valley, where one woman was carried away through a culvert out into the sea. She was rescued by an American destroyer but later died in hospital. The damage has been estimated at £200,000.

## DISASTERS IN CANADA, KENT AND FRANCE, HELICOPTER V. SANDHOPPERS, VIENNA'S NEW BELL.



THE VANCOUVER DOCK FIRE WHICH DESTROYED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF GRAIN AND WRECKED HARBOUR INSTALLATIONS: A VIEW OF THE FIRE FROM THE AIR. On April 23 fire broke out in a grain elevator on the water-front at Vancouver, following a grain dust explosion. The fire spread rapidly and the intense heat and the danger of explosions drove back the 400 firemen who fought the fire. Ships were towed out, but very extensive damage was done.



CLEARING THE RUINS AFTER THE ST. PETER'S-IN-THANET DISASTER: THE BODIES OF A SHOPKEEPER AND HIS WIFE WERE FOUND. THE U.S. PILOT WAS ALSO KILLED.



PASSING THROUGH LINZ ON ITS WAY TO VIENNA: THE NEW GREAT BELL, "THE QUEEN OF AUSTRIA," WHICH IS TO HANG IN ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, TO REPLACE THAT DESTROYED IN THE LAST YEAR OF THE WAR.

The great bell of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, the Pummerin, dating from 1711, was destroyed in the war in 1945. On April 27 the new bell, which has been cast at Linz, reached Vienna after a journey by road, and was received by the heads of Church and State. It was blessed, named "The Queen of Austria," and hung in scaffolding in Cathedral Square until the bell-tower of the Cathedral shall have been restored.

After High Mass it sounded its deep note for the first time.



THE appearance of two serious studies of English eighteenth-century porcelain in the same season is an indication of the growing interest in the subject on the part of the present generation and of the demand for more and more detailed information about the various factories. It cannot be said that we in this country made any substantial contribution to the craft of porcelain manufacture in Western Europe, for the real pioneering work which led to great achievements was the special glory, first of Meissen and secondly of Sèvres, but we followed at a little distance, sometimes with honour and occasionally with distinction, and generally succeeded in producing wares which were something more than provincial adaptations of existing European models.

Each of the books which are the subject of this note—"English Porcelain of the 18th Century," by J. L. Dixon, and "18th-century English Porcelain," by George Savage—are judicious and factual, and will help the amateur to find his way amid the formidable array of knowledge and theory which is nowadays at his disposal. Mr. Dixon discusses his



"A FIGURE OF A RAT-CATCHER PAINTED IN COLOURS"; CHELSEA, c. 1755.

The figures from Chelsea's Red Anchor Period (1753-1758) "are the pride of English eighteenth-century porcelain." The Rat-Catcher, here illustrated, is from the Cecil Higgins Collection.

material mainly from the point of view of aesthetics. Mr. Savage is more encyclopædic, goes into considerable detail about chemical and ultra-violet ray tests, and lightens his narrative with a few agreeable pungencies, such as: "It is impossible to say anything reliable about values. I have been interested in pottery and porcelain for most of my adult life, and I find the fluctuation of prices perpetually mysterious. I should say that the buyer of antique porcelain is bound to come out on the right side over a sufficiently long period because the one thing which is absolutely reliable in the modern world is the dishonesty of Governments. Progressive devaluation of currency offers an easy way of emptying the pockets of the citizenry, but the art market offers a long-term investment which, properly managed, can help considerably to offset the result." For "porcelain" read "almost any works of art," and italicise the two words "properly managed," and his dictum is given a wider range and is still economically sound.

As a mere picture book the Dixon volume is a delight; in the other there are far more illustrations, but smaller, and the margins are narrower, with the result that the book is less pleasant to handle.

The last thing any author will expect is that his readers will invariably agree with his opinions. I wonder how many amateurs will go all the way with

\* On this page Frank Davis reviews "English Porcelain of the 18th Century," by J. L. Dixon. 100 pages of illustrations, 4 in Colour. (Faber and Faber; 30s.); and "18th-Century English Porcelain," by George Savage. Over 250 illustrations, Colour Frontispiece. (Rockliff; 50s.)

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ENGLISH PORCELAIN TRADITION.\*

By FRANK DAVIS.

Mr. Savage in his dislike of "boskies," i.e., those pieces much in favour with our ancestors which are composed of figures against a background of bushes, foliage, flowers or what-have-you? And do we all applaud Mr. Dixon for his apparent laudation of one of those Worcester vases encrusted with swags of flowers in relief which give the impression that the designer, worried by nice, smooth, empty surfaces, looked about him and hung the flowers all round the vase to show how clever he was? I happen to like "boskies," especially when invented by some simple, homely chap working at Bow, and I abhor encrustations stuck on to a beautiful material. Does all this seem niggling criticism? I hope not, and it is certainly not intended that way, but to indicate that here are two men who provide us with a cross-section of the most characteristic products of a great age and hold very definite opinions as to what is worth our attention; each, from his separate corner, gives us every possible

chance to form a judgment for ourselves. Moreover, each complements the other very neatly. Says one: ". . . the playfulness of such a style may seem trivial and unworthy of serious attention. Yet how much is lost when, from a lack of an affectionate understanding, we fail to appreciate the lyrical fancies of this age of enlightenment"—that is, of the eighteenth century. The other, after quoting Mr. Herbert Read (judge the art of a country, judge the fineness of its sensibility, by its pottery; it is a sure touchstone), continues: "To evaluate the work of the English factories from an aesthetic standpoint is a little difficult. It is of no use applying severe and rigid standards of criticism, because English porcelain is something for which it is possible to have



A UNIQUE PIPE-STOPPER MADE IN THE FORM OF THE HEAD OF "THE GARDENER'S COMPANION"; WORCESTER, c. 1770.

This illustration, reproduced from "18th-Century English Porcelain," by George Savage, by courtesy of the publishers, shows a unique porcelain pipe-stopper from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund J. Katz.

a strong affection out of proportion to one's opinion of its artistic merits."

What is remarkable is not that Chelsea and Derby, Bow and Lowestoft and the rest often failed to create works of art, but that they sometimes succeeded, for, unlike Meissen or Sèvres, they had no Royal Mæcenas behind them prepared to pour out capital year after year, but were strictly commercial enterprises inevitably tempted to take the cash and let the credit go; what they did accomplish in the way of superfine work was done almost in spite of themselves.

Not the least interesting pages of Mr. Savage's compilation are devoted to an appendix in which he prints the catalogue of the sale of the products of the Chelsea factory of 1756, a document of major importance for students, because it gives not merely a long list of the items, but enables us to deduce from it some of the social habits of the time. Several lots, for example, are: "Four beautiful small Cupids for desarts." Another is: "Two ewes and 2 lambs of different sorts, 2 goats, a fox and 2 dogs for a *desart*"; and "Four roses and leaves for a *desart*"; and yet another: "A cow and 3 calves, one sucking, the other 2 lying down for a *desart*"; from which we realise that, just as in mediæval Germany it was the practice to ornament a banquet-table with elaborately contrived ornaments of sugar, so in mid-eighteenth-century England the table would be decorated with



"FIGURE OF A BIRD PAINTED IN COLOURS"; CHELSEA, c. 1752-56. RAISED ANCHOR MARK PAINTED IN RED.

Dr. Bellamy Gardner has demonstrated that the Chelsea Raised Anchor Mark birds were mostly copied from plates in a contemporary Bird Book, "The Natural History of Uncommon Birds," by George Edwards. This example is in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

small porcelain figures—in other words, by no means all the dozens of models were intended for mantelpiece or cabinet, though of course many were.

One point made by both authors is easily overlooked by beginners—indeed, may even be deliberately avoided because it might appear to add a hopeless complication to a subject which at first sight seems chaotic. It is that the great variety of porcelain designs in this country is due not only to the struggles of factories, each intent upon selling its products in a competitive world, but also to the fact that these early soft-paste pieces are of three kinds: (1) Glassy porcelain (Chelsea, Derby and Longton Hall); (2) Bone porcelain (Bow and Lowestoft and, later, most of the English kilns); and (3) Soapstone porcelain, in which steatite, a silicate of magnesia, replaces the clay in (1) (Worcester, Caughley and Liverpool). Hard paste, or "true" porcelain, the secret of which was first discovered at Meissen in 1709, was rediscovered independently in England by William Cookworthy (Plymouth, Bristol and New Hall). Consequently, to probe into these high matters thoroughly requires some knowledge of elementary chemistry and, concurrently, an acquaintance with the ultra-violet-ray lamp. The correct interpretation of the results given by ultra-violet rays is another matter altogether.

Whether many readers will feel disposed to embark upon these difficult technical problems is doubtful. What they will find in both these excellent books is much wisdom, great enthusiasm, and an affectionate understanding of the Englishness of English porcelain.



"A GROUP OF LOVERS"; CHELSEA, c. 1745-50. IT BEARS THE UNUSUAL MARK OF A TRIDENT INTERSECTING A CROWN IN UNDER-GLAZE BLUE.

"... most attractive in its naive charm, primitive vigour and splendid sense of movement is a group of Lovers." This piece is in the British Museum.

The three lower illustrations are reproduced from "English Porcelain of the 18th Century," by J. L. Dixon, by courtesy of the publishers.



TO SUCCEED GENERAL EISENHOWER AS SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER IN EUROPE IN A FEW WEEKS TIME :  
GENERAL MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY, WHO IS AT PRESENT SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER IN THE FAR EAST.

It was announced on April 28 that President Truman, in response to a request from the North Atlantic Council to nominate a new Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, in succession to General Eisenhower, had chosen General Matthew Ridgway, now Supreme Allied Commander in the Far East. General Gruenther, at present General Eisenhower's Chief of Staff, is to remain in this appointment at General Ridgway's request. The change-over of Supreme Commanders is to take place about June 1. General Eisenhower will then return to America to campaign for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. General Ridgway,

who is fifty-seven, has a distinguished military record and, in the words of Mr. Truman, is "particularly well qualified to perform the duties of Supreme Commander. His service in the European theatre in World War II, and his leadership of the United Nations forces in Korea have been outstanding." It was also announced that General Mark Clark, Chief of the United States Army Field Forces, is to take over General Ridgway's post as United Nations Commander-in-Chief in Korea. Our photograph shows General Ridgway as a three-star General, but he was promoted to four-star rank in May, 1951.

Photograph by Horace Bristol.

ON April 5, under the title "The Infantryman of To-day," I wrote about a visit to the School of Infantry. Since then I have paid a visit to the Staff College. Some prospects of further visits to military educational establishments lie before me, but I cannot at present be certain that I shall be able to take them. As the line under my name above these articles must suggest, I am in a position to engage in activities during University vacations which are rarely possible during term and, if possible, only by careful planning and at the cost of inconvenience. I go when I can, and with pleasure, because I find to-day a great deal of interest in military education and training. It is pervaded by a lively spirit. In this respect the Army owes a debt to Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Gale, the Director-General of Military Training, whose period in that office is now ending. He is lucky in that his enthusiasm and drive have been applied at a time when they could be of particular value. He has not suffered the frustrations of many of his predecessors because, in a reorganised and better-equipped force, there has been a great deal more to show for his work.

My first word about the Staff College must be to voice my regret that the course should now last one year only, instead of two. However, the very fact that my view is shared by many officers who have a responsibility for military education, so that the reduction of the course goes against the grain, makes it probable that it has been found unavoidable. Yet one of the sharpest menaces to the efficiency of the British Army—and the other fighting forces also—lies in the increase in the number and size of headquarters and the consequent demand for staff officers. Some of these headquarters are international and semi-political, and their touch with fighting forces is remote. They demand the most highly qualified young officers, as well as senior, though the work of the junior appointments could often be done by intelligent older men no longer active enough for service in the field. They tend to drain units of lively, well-instructed and talented men with the gifts of leadership. Were it not for this unceasing call for officers from the Staff College, the numbers passing through could be somewhat reduced, with the result that a two-years course would be feasible.

The Staff College has, however, recently been reduced from four divisions of sixty apiece to three. Of these 180 officers, 140 are British, the remainder coming from the British Commonwealth, with a few foreigners and representatives of the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force. Each division is subdivided into six syndicates, working under an instructor, a G.S.O.2. The youngest of these instructors are about thirty-four, which is about the age of the eldest of the British students. At the head of each division is a G.S.O.1. Entrance is by recommendation and qualifying examination. When I wrote about the call for staff officers, I did not mean to suggest that it was the sole aim of the College to turn them out. What the aim is, in short, is to qualify them to act as second-grade staff officers and, with a little more experience, as commanders of units. At the end of the course they are graded as A, B, C and D. Grade A is given more rarely than first-class honours at a university, and stands for a captain or major of quite exceptional ability and character. The officer who passes through the Staff College is expected to be able to undertake any sort of work. In time of peace it is not considered that narrow specialisation is desirable, though it may be required in war.

With only one year available, instruction has to be confined to essentials. Thus lectures are cut down to a minimum and, as a rule, reserved for special subjects, often dealt with by outside specialists. While the value of military history is recognised, there is time only to concentrate on the strategy and tactics of certain commanders, without going into detail. In studying tactics and administration, these subjects are in general treated from the level of the divisional headquarters and downwards, only incidental attention being given to the conduct of operations at the level of the corps. A good deal of indoor work is done with the aid of large models, but I was told that there was full recognition of how easy a matter it is to conduct a battle on a model by comparison with doing so on the ground, and that outdoor work played a big part in the curriculum. Preparation for and subsequent discussion of schemes and work of all kinds take place in the syndicate, which has a room to itself. The instructor works with it but says as little as possible, drawing ideas from students rather than suggesting them. Here there is a fairly close resemblance to the method of the seminar, which

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE STAFF COLLEGE, CAMBERLEY, TO-DAY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

American initiative is making popular in British universities.

I had the pleasure of "sitting in" with one of these syndicates for two periods. It struck me then that, if the limitation of the course to one year is to continue, it will encounter more difficulty in the fairly near future than it has so far. Seven years have now passed since the end of hostilities with Germany, and about six and a half since the end of those with Japan. Before long students will be coming in bringing with them war experience only in the most junior capacities, whereas the present "year" possesses a fund of experience on a higher level. This is invaluable not only to the individual in his own work but to his syndicate. The gunner,

the standard will prove resistant to an upward push while everything has to be crammed into the period of a year. It is a fallacy to suppose that efficient staff work, command of units, and in general a smooth-working military machine cannot be produced without the experience of active service. The Germans proved this in 1866 and emphasised their achievement with a far bigger army in 1870. Such mistakes

as they made, the worst being in the region of Metz in the latter war, were mainly due to weak handling of their cavalry, leading to lack of information. Yet in default of active-service experience military education requires to be more careful and thorough. The same is true, it need hardly be said, of military exercises and manoeuvres, from those of the highest formations down to those of the sub-units. In my syndicate it was interesting to observe how the students drew upon campaigns and battles in which they had been engaged.

A certain risk would be taken in making large assumptions from so brief a visit, but some other channels of information are open to me. The value of a combination of historical and theoretical study can easily be overstressed, but I am a firm believer

in it, as I have often declared in these pages. I consider we should do well to cultivate it rather more than is nowadays the practice. Our junior staff officers and unit commanders appear to me to treat their problems to a great extent empirically, apart from the personal experience already mentioned. This approach has its virtues. Yet military theory establishes pretty conclusively the probability of certain effects or, at all events, tendencies, resulting from certain lines of action. This theory is for the most part founded upon history, but history possesses the further advantage, as I pointed out a fortnight ago, of showing the effects of national characteristics and schools of thought. If time does not exist in most instructional establishments for this sort of study to-day, it does not take long to provide some parting advice and encouragement. An officer going back to service with troops will find himself with less work on his hands and have an opportunity to improve his all-round knowledge of his profession by personal study.

Through the Directorate of Training the Staff College is kept up to date, for example, with information from Korea, though not much can be coming in from that source now. This causes some modifications in or additions to the teaching. The broad view, however, appears to be that it would be wrong to let lessons from any particular sort of operations, especially of an exceptional kind such as the bandit warfare in Malaya, take a big place. It is, I think, proper that, so far as standard types of country, armament, and methods are assumed, they should be what is generally classed as European, though, of course, fairly sharp differences in ground and communications exist in Europe. The consequences of wide variation from these standards can then be indicated. An officer posted to a country such as Malaya would in any case have to learn the "form" on the spot, and would probably acquire more in a month or two than in a year's course at a military educational establishment at home. In any case, it is not the practice to assume that there can be only one solution of a problem of tactics; there may be two or even more, and in some cases there may be little difference in their practicability. It is not therefore to the disadvantage of a student if the one which he propounds is not that which was given first place when previously discussed by the instructors.

Work is at fairly high pressure, but I cannot think there is any foundation for the suggestion which I have heard that students are overworked. If anybody is, it is much more likely to be the instructors. In fact, the pace seems to be set by the output of the instructor even more than the power of absorption of the student.

In one respect its predecessors officer of to-day and just above it nearly always expresses himself well in speech; he appears to be able to explain any military subject clearly and cogently, and can generally lecture capably within the scope of his knowledge. On the other hand, he does not express himself on paper, marshal his arguments and set out his conclusions, as well as the officer who has now become a major-general did when he was a student twenty years ago. Why this should be so I cannot say. It cannot be accounted for altogether by the shortened course, since it appears soon after the arrival of the students. All things considered, I am sure that a body of keen and intelligent officers who will do credit to their profession are now passing through the College.



"THE OFFICER WHO PASSES THROUGH THE STAFF COLLEGE IS EXPECTED TO BE ABLE TO UNDERTAKE ANY SORT OF WORK": A VIEW OF THE STAFF COLLEGE AT CAMBERLEY, SURREY, WHERE 180 OFFICERS TAKE A YEAR'S COURSE IN STAFF DUTIES.



"A GOOD DEAL OF INDOOR WORK IS DONE WITH THE AID OF LARGE MODELS BUT . . . OUTDOOR WORK PLAYED A BIG PART IN THE CURRICULUM": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A STUDY PERIOD AT CAMBERLEY STAFF COLLEGE SHOWING SENIOR OFFICERS OF ALL THREE SERVICES EXAMINING A HUGE RELIEF MAP WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE "ORDER OF BATTLE" FOR A SEABORNE INVASION.

The Staff College was founded on May 4, 1799, by General Gaspard le Marchant as "a college for the improvement of officers of over four years' service, to fit them for staff employment," and during its existence of over 150 years many great commanders and skilled general staff officers have passed through its portals. Until 1938 the Staff College course lasted for two years, and was divided into a Junior and Senior Division with a total of sixty officers. On mobilisation, all students at the Staff College were posted away, and on September 15, 1939, No. 1 War Course, consisting of 105 Territorial Army officers, nine of the Regular Army Reserve of Officers, and one Canadian, assembled. In May, 1940, Minley Manor, which had been used for short Intelligence Courses, was taken over, and the number of students was increased to 180, and eventually reached a total of 210. The Junior Staff College opened at Oxford in January, 1942, and shortly afterwards moved to Sandhurst and, at the same time, the Senior Course was restarted at Minley. At the end of 1944 the length of the Staff College Course was increased from seventeen weeks to six months. In September, 1945, the A.T.S. Wing, which was opened at Egham and in 1943 moved to Bagshot, was closed, and in the following year the Sandhurst Wing followed suit. In January, 1947, the first of the peacetime courses lasting a year started, and a third wing was opened at Blenheim Barracks, near Aldershot, making a total of four parallel divisions with a total of 240 students. Recently the four divisions have been reduced to three of sixty students apiece.

the sapper, the infantryman, and perhaps the airman or sailor gives his fellows the benefit of what he did himself and of what he saw with his own eyes. I think it likely that when this source of information and interest has dried up, the need for a longer, deeper, more thorough and rather more leisurely course, with more time for personal research and for a broader approach to the subjects under discussion—perhaps also for additional subjects—will make itself felt more strongly than is now the case.

It seems to me that the acknowledged slight drop in the standard of examination is compensated for by this wide fund of experience, but that it will need to be raised when the fund is exhausted. Already efforts to do so are being made, and the reduction of the numbers from 240 to 180 has been made partly with this end in view. I should imagine, however, that

## OF NATIONAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL INTEREST: NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS.



THANKSGIVING FOR GIBRALTAR CATHEDRAL RESTORATION, AND DEDICATION OF THE NEW ADORNMENTS.

On April 20 the Bishop of Gibraltar dedicated the new adornments of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Gibraltar, at a service of thanksgiving for its restoration after the damage caused by the explosion of the ammunition ship *Bedenham* in 1951. The adornments were provided by the "Thank You, Malta and Gibraltar," Fund.



JAPAN A SOVEREIGN POWER ONCE MORE: U.S. AIR POLICEMEN

HOISTING THE JAPANESE NATIONAL FLAG IN TOKYO. On April 28 the Japanese peace treaty came into force and Japan resumed her place as a sovereign and independent power. Our photograph shows two U.S. air policemen hoisting the Japanese national flag in Tokyo next to those of the United Nations and of the United States. Diplomatic relations of the normal kind are now restored.



IN MEMORY OF BRITISH DEAD IN GREECE: KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES UNVEILING THE MONUMENT.

The memory of some 4000 British, Australian and New Zealand Servicemen who fell in Greece in World War II is honoured by a monument on the Field of Mars, Athens. On April 25 King Paul of the Hellenes unveiled it. The Greek flag is seen in our photograph caught on the figure of Athena which crowns it.



(RIGHT.) THE READORNMENT OF HEREFORD CATHEDRAL LADY CHAPEL THROUGH MR. LENNOX LEE'S GREAT BEQUEST: THE ALTAR, SHOWING THE REREDOS WITH PANELS OF THE LIFE OF THE VIRGIN.

The readornment of the Lady Chapel, Hereford Cathedral, by means of the great bequest of the late Mr. Lennox Lee, of How Caple Court, is complete. It includes new stalls, seating in the chapel, an organ in the loft above the Audley Chantry, and the appointments of the Altar. The Altar was consecrated and the gifts dedicated by the Bishop of Hereford last year; though two of the panels representing the life of the Virgin had not then been

[Continued opposite.]

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inserted. Mr. W. H. Randoll Blacking, F.R.I.B.A., was the architect; and the reredos was designed and the panels painted by Mr. Stammers, of York. The statuettes on the reredos (north and south) represent respectively Ethelbert the King, murdered by Offa, King of Mercia, A.D. 792 and St. Thomas Cantilupe, Bishop of Hereford, 1275-1282. On either side of the central panel stand the Evangelists. The heraldry on the wings represents (left; top to bottom) the Arms of Our Lady (a sword through a heart), the original arms of the See of Hereford, and the Arms of St. Thomas Cantilupe adopted as arms of the See after his death; and (right; top to bottom) the arms of the Dean, the Burrows' family arms (those of the present Dean) and the arms of the donor, the late Mr. Lennox Lee of How Caple Court.



RIDING ON THE CARRIAGE OVER A 650-FT.-LONG TESTING TANK IN THE SHIP DIVISION: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY.



LEARNING HOW THE MOULD IS MADE FOR A WAX MODEL SHIP: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT TEDDINGTON WITH DR. E. C. BULLARD (RIGHT) AND SIR BEN LOCKSPEISER. The Duke of Edinburgh visited the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington on April 22. He was accompanied by Sir Ben Lockspeiser, Secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, and Dr. E. C. Bullard, Director of the Laboratory. The Duke saw a 650-ft.-long testing tank in the ship division, and rode on the carriage which propels through the water a wax model of a merchant ship, the hull design of which was under test. The Duke also visited the Chemical Research Laboratory.



A NEW FORM OF "FLASHLIGHT" PHOTOGRAPHY: CENTURION TANKS AT NIGHT-FIRING PRACTICE IN THE BRITISH ZONE OF GERMANY PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE LIGHT OF THE FLASHES FROM THEIR 20-PDR. GUNS.

This remarkable photograph was taken on the ranges at Höhne, in the British Zone of Germany, by the light of the flashes of the guns when *Centurion* tanks of the 11th Armoured Division were at night-firing practice. The tracks made on the film by the tracer ammunition indicate the simultaneous firing and the curious

wave effect as the shells approached the highest point of their trajectory may be due to some movement of the camera. The 48-ton *Centurion* medium tank is armed with a 20-pounder Q.F. gun and a 7.92-mm. Besa machine-gun. It is fitted with a stabilised fire-control system which automatically keeps the 20-pounder

gun trained on its target, even when the tank is travelling over rough ground, and the turret is power-operated. Recently Lieut.-Colonel Guy Lowther, Commanding Officer of the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, addressed workers at a Leeds factory where *Centurions* are made, and said: "The *Centurion* is the first tank I have

never heard the troops grumble about," and described how, during a battle, twenty-six *Centurions* and twenty-six American tanks were blown up by Chinese mines, with the result that the *Centurions* drove off under their own power while all the American tanks had to be towed away.

## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

## 'TIS MUSIC MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND.

By ALAN DENT.

SOMETIMES I am moved to think that it is music, not love, which makes this world go round. When Alice's Duchess declared: "Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round!" she was merely quoting an ancient folk-song which is in its origin—need one say it?—French. But the stimulus, the whip for the spinning-top, so to speak, seems to



"WHEN IT LAUGHS AT ITSELF, HOLLYWOOD DOES SO VERY ENGAGINGLY": "SINGIN' IN THE RAIN," SHOWING DON LOCKWOOD (GENE KELLY) IN THE OPENING SCENE OF THE SPECTACULAR BROADWAY BALLET NUMBER AT THE END OF THE FILM. "SINGIN' IN THE RAIN" (M.G.M.) TAKES US BACK TO THE 1920'S IN THE DIMMEST AND EARLIEST DAYS OF THE TALKING-FILM.

me, at times, to come from a celestial urge for harmony. In such moments the ancient notion of the spheres generating their own music as they revolve becomes for me the least fantastic and most feasible of the myths.

Quite seriously I gave consideration to this notion (by no means for the first time) the other day when, in the course of a scrap-book film called "Here's to the Memory!" we saw and heard Myra Hess playing an unfamiliar Mozart Concerto at the National Gallery during the war. The scene faded, but the same music continued to cover and comment upon some harrowing scenes of Londoners spending the night in improvised beds on Underground platforms during the air-bombardment. This was an inspired notion of the film's writer and director, Jack Howells. It lasted only a minute or two, but it gave us a piercing and poignant conviction that great music will survive and save the worst of human distresses. The night's horrors faded, the sun rose, and in the immediate background those tinklings of Mozart became inklings of immortality.

Not quite so seriously it could be maintained that this same harmony is the mainspring and moving force of such popular new films as "Singin' in the Rain" (devised and directed by Gene Kelly) and "With a Song in My Heart" (the life-story of a famous singer who, though crippled during the war, was not prevented by that disaster from continuing to entertain the troops with her songs). Perhaps the harmony here-around is something less than Mozartian? Let us be blunt and say that it is plebeian and not at all patrician. These are jaunty or lovelorn tunes, not sublime airs. The heavenly chirrup of the Mozart rondo has metamorphosed itself—at the end of "With a Song in My Heart," for example—into nothing better than a community sing-song. But I must risk the winces and protests of superior persons by saying that the effect—*mutatis mutandis*—is not at all dissimilar. Whether we march like the priests in "The Magic Flute" or are, quite simply and commonly, "Marching Through Georgia," the effect is very much the same, by and large, and the end of the pattern is Eternity.

When it laughs at itself, Hollywood does so very engagingly. The beginning of "Singin' in the Rain" is a delicious and delicate piece of self-mockery. We are away back in 1927, in the dimmest and earliest days of the talking-film. Gene Kelly as a star arriving at a film-premiere assures his worshipping mob that his motto has ever been: "Dignity—always dignity." And at once we are shown, in damping retrospect, "the base degrees by which he did ascend" to his stardom—the short engagements and long terms of unemployment of the workaday "hoofer" in American vaudeville and films. There is good irony here. And there is wit as well as irony in the later scenes where Gene Kelly's "dumb blonde" of a leading lady proves to have a voice too blonde

altogether for satisfactory recording in her first talking-picture. Her voice is hopeless, anyhow; but she is utterly unable to understand that she must address it to the microphone and not to the four corners of the studio's roof. Her distracted director has the notion of concealing

the microphone within a spray of orchids on the lady's corsage. He rushes to his desk to note the effect through headphones. Result: he hears nothing but the regular thud of the lady's heart-beats. In the end a young lady with a good voice has to be engaged to speak the leading-lady's lines while the latter enacts them in dumb show.

There is another amusing scene at the end when the leading-lady, after her film's successful opening, appears in person and is requested by the audience to repeat one of her songs. Hastily the owner of the actual voice is hustled into place behind a drop-curtain, and half-way through the performance the curtain is maliciously raised to disclose the deception. We all know, of course, that such things have often been done in Hollywood and elsewhere since 1927. And

in fact they are done openly and declaredly in the other "musical" of the week, "With a Song in My Heart." For here the popular songs are sung by the actual voice of the actual singer, Jane Froman, whose history is the film's plot, whereas the pretty and fetching Susan Hayward does all the appearing and all the mouthing and gesture-making that are necessary. One would, on the whole, rather connive at the deception than be so openly apprised about it. For one tends to watch Miss Hayward as closely and as strainedly as one watches a ventriloquist's dummy at the music-hall. The better the simulation the more intently one gazes at it, and we find ourselves gazing at Miss Hayward very closely indeed throughout this film's two long hours. It is an exceedingly sentimental film, for Miss Froman had to undergo love-entanglements as well

as face bravely up to protracted surgical treatment. One way and another it is a blessing that Thelma Ritter has been cast as the lady's caustic-tongued though warm-hearted personal nurse and servant. For repeatedly Miss Ritter keeps the whole thing from slopping over with remarks to the suffering heroine like: "Blow your nose, and powder it, and stop acting like a female!" though we cannot but reflect that such a remark comes a shade easily from a nurse who, unlike her patient, is not in immediate danger of losing a limb. For the rest, let it only be said that Miss Froman in this film sings as appealingly as Mr. Kelly dances in the other one.

But I must make room for one further observation before leaving these big and popular "musicals." It is this. Lovers of cheap music are often and often heard to make the complaint that classical music—i.e., the dear or expensive sort—is "repetitive." This comes from the sort of person who would not spend half an hour learning the rudiments of sonata-form if he were paid a guinea a minute for the tuition. And it comes very prettily—I must say—from the addicts of musical comedy who make do with three or four tunes (if the piece be English) and six or seven (if the piece be American), each tune being repeated *ad nauseam* in the course of the evening. For an example, the song that gives its name to "With a Song in My Heart" is a not unpleasing ditty in itself. But when it has (a) been sung at us straight; (b) been played slowly as background music—*andante dolente*—in a Lisbon hospital; and (c) been played even more slowly as further background music—*largo lugubrioso*—in a New York hospital (to follow its repetitions no further), I suggest that the tune—as Mr. Bennet said of his musical daughter's rendition—has "delighted us long enough." Those devotees of cheap music who are unwilling to tolerate the dear sort might care to put this well-considered paragraph into their pipes and smoke it!

In a serious little film called "So Little Time," which I found in the same programme as the fascinating scrapbook film first mentioned, music is made to overstep its mark altogether. For here a Belgian girl



"AN EXCELENTLY SENTIMENTAL FILM": THE TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL, "WITH A SONG IN MY HEART" (20TH CENTURY-FOX); A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING SUSAN HAYWARD WHO DOES ALL THE APPEARING AND ALL THE MOUTHING AND GESTURE-MAKING THAT ARE NECESSARY . . . BUT THE POPULAR SONGS ARE SUNG BY THE ACTUAL VOICE OF THE ACTUAL SINGER, JANE FROMAN, WHOSE HISTORY IS THE FILM'S PLOT."



"ONE WAY AND ANOTHER IT IS A BLESSING THAT THELMA RITTER HAS BEEN CAST AS THE LADY'S CAUSTIC-TONGUED THOUGH WARM-HEARTED PERSONAL NURSE AND SERVANT": CLANCY (THELMA RITTER) AGREES WITH JANE FROMAN (SUSAN HAYWARD; RIGHT) THAT SHE SHOULD GO OVERSEAS AGAIN TO ENTERTAIN THE TROOPS.

(Maria Schell, an actress who has a wistful pathos at command) falls in love with a German officer (Marius Goring), even though that officer has been responsible for her father's death. Both, you see, love music, and both help each other to practise Liszt's notoriously difficult Piano Sonata—the officer brilliantly, the lady blunderingly. Some of the officer's advice to the lady makes me tend to reconsider a decision I made in my teens, that Liszt is not a composer for my own particular repertoire—for example, the advice: "Forget the difficulties—go straight for the melody." But, on the whole, I think I shall continue to forswear Liszt; and, on the whole, I think I shall not recommend this film except to those who are vastly more interested in the best sort of romantic music than in human beings (Belgian and German) behaving under the most muddled sort of unreasoning and romantic impulses.

## THE ROAD VOYAGE OF A 96-TON HULL.



THE BEGINNING OF THE ROAD VOYAGE: THE 96-TON HULL OF THE MOTOR VESSEL *COUNTESS OF BREADALBANE* BEING HOISTED TO THE ROAD FROM LOCH AWE.



EN ROUTE: THE 96-TON PASSENGER VESSEL NEARING INVERARAY ON THE JOURNEY FROM LOCH AWE, AT DALMALLY, TO THE SEA AT LOCH FYNE.



BACK TO THE SEA AGAIN: THE HULL OF THE *COUNTESS OF BREADALBANE* ON THE SLIPWAY WAITING TO BE LAUNCHED AT LOCH FYNE.

The hull of the British Railways passenger motor vessel *Countess of Breadalbane*, which weighs 96 tons and is 97 ft. long and 18 ft. 6 ins. high, recently made a journey by road of nearly 20 miles from Loch Awe, at Dalmally, to the sea at Loch Fyne, Inveraray. The most difficult part of the journey was at the beginning when it took engineers over four hours to move the hull the 30 yards up the 1 in 7 gradient from the berth at Loch Awe to the main road. Trees had to be cut down, bridges strengthened and all obstructions removed to give the vessel the necessary 20-ft. road clearance. Fore and aft of the hull police maintained radio contact with patrols. The hull was eventually launched back to the sea at Loch Fyne, Inveraray, where she was to be taken later by sea to Dumbarton to be reassembled in the yard in which she was built by Messrs. William Denny Brothers in 1936.

## THE FUNERAL OF SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS.

The cremation of Sir Stafford Cripps, who died at the Bircher-Benner Clinic on April 21, took place on April 24, which would have been his sixty-third birthday. The service was held at the Zurich crematorium where the Rev. Thomas Dixon, the Church of England chaplain in Zurich, officiated. Among those present were Lady Cripps, Mr. John Cripps (son), Miss Peggy Cripps (daughter), Colonel F. H. Cripps (brother), Sir Patrick Scrivener, the British Minister in Berne, and Mr. C. Marriott, Consul-General at Zurich (representing the British Government), and the Indian Air Attaché at the Berne Legation (representing the Indian Government). More than 250 people crowded the tiny chapel for the service and the English choir of Zurich sang Sir Stafford's favourite hymns, "He Who Would Valiant Be" and, "Jesu Lover of My Soul." The nurses who looked after him sat at the back of the chapel. It was stated that a memorial service would be held in England after the ashes had been brought home by Lady Cripps.



SCENE OF THE CREMATION OF THE LATE SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS: THE CREMATORIUM IN ZURICH WHERE THE SERVICE TOOK PLACE ON APRIL 24.



IN THE CHAPEL OF REST IN THE CREMATORIUM OF THE SIHLFELD CEMETERY AT ZURICH: THE COFFIN OF SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, SURROUNDED BY FLOWERS.

ALMOST AS PRESENTED IN GANGSTER FILMS:  
REBELLIONS IN TWO AMERICAN PRISONS.

SHOWING CELL BLOCK 15, JUST WITHIN THE WALLS, IN WHICH PRISONERS WERE AT BAY FOR FOUR DAYS, AND SMOKE RISING FROM A BURNING BUILDING: JACKSON STATE GAOL, FROM THE AIR.



DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE RIOTING, WHICH LASTED FROM APRIL 21-24: A VIEW OF JACKSON STATE PRISON, SOUTH MICHIGAN, WITH CONVICTS ROAMING THE YARD, WHILE SMOKE RISES FROM A BURNING BLOCK.



HOLDING A KNIFE TO THE BACK OF ONE OF THE PRISON GUARDS THE RIOTERS WERE HOLDING AS HOSTAGES: A RINGLEADER VOICING THE DEMANDS AND GRIEVANCES OF THE CONVICTS.



AFTER THE RIOTING, WHICH ENDED ON APRIL 22: A PRISONERS' DORMITORY WING AT THE FARM OF THE RAHWAY STATE PRISON, NEW JERSEY, WHERE OVER 200 CONVICTS CREATED DISTURBANCES.



AN UNUSUAL PRESS CONFERENCE: NEWSPAPER MEN HEAR THE CONVICTS' GRIEVANCES AND DEMANDS AS PUT FORWARD BY TWO OF THE CONVICTS AT JACKSON STATE GAOL.

A revolt, which almost amounted to a rebellion, broke out in Jackson State Gaol, South Michigan, on April 21. On these pages we illustrate aspects of the disturbances which closely resemble scenes in a gangster film. The men began to riot as a protest against alleged harshness of treatment. On April 21 they succeeded in gaining command of Cell Block 15 in which a large number were



HELD AS HOSTAGES BY THE CONVICTS DURING THE OUTBREAK AT JACKSON STATE GAOL: EIGHT PRISON GUARDS RETURNING TO SAFETY WITH A FELLOW-GUARD (RIGHT).

besieged, together with some eight or ten prison guards whom they had captured and held as hostages. During the first day's rioting one prisoner was killed and two wounded, while some fourteen police were injured. At one stage the rioters had gained possession of half the five-sided group of buildings and threatened the administration block. The police were then ordered to fire over

IN U.S. MICHIGAN AND NEW JERSEY GAOLS:  
EMBATTLED CONVICTS *VERSUS* ARMED GUARDS.

WITH GUNS AIMED TO KEEP CONVICTS FROM APPROACHING THE WINDOWS: GUARDS OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO A CELL BLOCK AT JACKSON PRISON AFTER RIOTERS HAD BEEN DRIVEN FROM THE YARD.



AIMING OVER THE HEADS OF THE CROWD OF RIOTING PRISONERS, WHO WERE ATTEMPTING TO SEIZE THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDINGS: GUARDS AT JACKSON STATE GAOL, SOUTH MICHIGAN.



FERRETING OUT PRISONERS (IN WHITE SHIRTS) FROM THE KITCHEN OF THE MESS HALL, JACKSON STATE PRISON: GUARDS WITH WEAPONS. THE BUILDING HAD BEEN FIRED BY THE CONVICTS.



USING A MINE-DETECTOR, AS EMPLOYED IN WORLD WAR II, TO GO OVER THE YARD IN SEARCH OF KNIVES AND OTHER WEAPONS POSSIBLY CONCEALED BY CONVICTS: A STATE TROOPER AT JACKSON GAOL.



THE END OF THE RIOTING AT JACKSON STATE GAOL: CONVICTS SIGNING THE AGREEMENT MADE WITH THE PRISON GOVERNOR, MR. FRISBIE.



STATED TO HAVE BEEN USED DURING THE DISTURBANCES AT JACKSON STATE GAOL: A TRUNCHEON, RUBBER TUBING WITH A BOOT-LACE ATTACHED, A STRAP WITH A CHAIN, AND OTHER WEAPONS.

the men's heads, and the situation was stabilised. The self-appointed leader of the rioters, Earl Ward, stood at the back of one of the warders with a knife in his hand, voicing his grievances. Newspaper men heard the complaints from a discreet distance. A search of the yards for buried weapons was made by mine-detectors. On April 24 the rebellion ended by the signing of an agreement

with the prison governor, Mr. Frisbie, that the alleged grievances would be investigated. In the meantime another riot had taken place in a U.S. prison; for on April 17, at Rahway, New Jersey, over 200 convicts seized their dormitory at the prison farm and took guards as hostages. They held out for five days, but as water, food and light were cut off they were obliged to surrender.




# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## HERONS CHANGE GUARD.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WHEN we arrived at the large aviary in the London Zoo, a heron was standing on the ground looking up at a nest some 12 ft. or so from the ground. His whole body was stretching up. The long legs were fully extended, and so was the neck, and the bill pointed upwards towards the nesting platform. After a few moments, he half-opened his wings, slightly bent his legs, as if to fly up, a clear intention-movement that showed for a brief second before the whole body was once again stretched up. Once more the intention-movement appeared, this time to be translated into a graceful lift with outstretched wings that carried him on to a perch 5 or 6 ft. from the ground. From here he stretched up once again to survey the nest, and then, after a few hesitant preliminaries, flew up and landed on the nesting platform.

Throughout this performance the hen, sitting on the nest, showed no sign that she was aware of his presence, until the moment he touched down on the edge of the platform, when she half-rose, the feathers of her crest, neck, back and breast raised in excitement. The general appearance of this meeting suggested the beginning of a squabble, but almost immediately after the cock had established his balance on his landing-place, he took on the characteristic statuesque pose of his species, and the hen settled down on the nest and rummaged with her beak among the twigs composing it, as if making sure that everything was tidy. Then she selected one stick and, lifting it up in her bill, made as if to offer it to the newcomer. Instead, after giving the faintest suspicion of a bow, which was returned with interest several times by her mate, she put the stick back in place. During this ceremonial, her feathers were once again erected, but not to the same degree on the neck as previously. Moreover, the cock displayed his feathers in a similar manner.

It seemed worth while waiting for what might come next, but the

compare the change-over by the herons with the changing of the guard is no great extravagance. Further, the more one learns of the behaviour the more one is struck with the part played in it by the purely symbolic action. It is a feature of behaviour we tend to associate solely with human beings, but it is found markedly in birds, too.

It has long been recognised that we human beings live by symbols. We have tended to think that these have been evolved in association with our civilisation, that they are traditional and that they are a by-product of a particular form of our mental process, that has no parallel elsewhere in creation. On the other hand,

substance of the brain is the same in them as in us. Yet even the more skilled of the animal psychologists are moved to exclaim, as they discover yet another of these, how very like comparable human symbols they are. For example, two drakes swimming towards each other on the lake may stop facing each other, with a short distance between, and then drink; or they may do no more than go through the motions of drinking. It is symbolic behaviour, and recent analysis of it shows that it indicates a peaceful intent. In other words, it is a social occasion and a display of friendliness. It is not difficult to find a parallel for this in human behaviour!

A penguin will present a stone to another penguin, as a symbol that nesting is about to begin. This has

a severely practical value in that the stimulus received through the eye is translated into a physiological stimulus bringing the female into a finally receptive breeding condition. On the other hand, there can be little doubt that the giving is associated with its discreet emotion, as when a penguin lays a stone at the feet of a man visiting the rookery. Whether the emotion, on such an occasion, is fear, friendliness, a desire to placate a powerful intruder, or a state of awe before a superior being cannot be told.

Among rooks, the presentation of a stick by the male to the female is a signal that nest-building shall commence. On the other hand, when he comes to her with his throat bulging with insects and ejects them into her open beak, it is the prelude to mating. Similar signals, or symbols, have been noted for other species of birds, and although they vary in detail the general pattern is similar. The hen robin, for example, does all the nest-building, and it is not recorded that the cock robin presents her with a piece of nesting material, as is the case in many other species, as a signal to start building. He does, however, present her with an insect grub as a prelude to mating.



FIG. 1. A HERON LANDS BESIDE THE NEST OF HIS SITTING MATE, WHO RISES TO "GREET" HIM, HER FEATHERS EXTENDED.

It is not usual to associate "feelings" with bird behaviour, and recent investigations have tended to stress its mechanical nature. It would appear, however, that something approximating to what we call emotions is linked even with this mechanical behaviour. [Photographs by Neave Parker.]



FIG. 2. THE MALE HERON HOLDS AN IMMOBILE, STATUESQUE POSE, AS THE FEMALE, HER FEATHERS BACK TO NORMAL, RUMMAGES AMONG THE STICKS COMPOSING THE NEST WITH HER BILL, AS IF MAKING SURE THAT EVERYTHING IS TIDY.



FIG. 3. A SYMBOLISM OF THE HERONS' PARTNERSHIP: THE FEMALE SELECTS A STICK AND PROFFERS IT TO THE MALE, DURING WHICH PERFORMANCE THE FEATHERS OF BOTH ARE RAISED IN "EXCITEMENT" OR "EMOTION."

birds were in no hurry. Several minutes elapsed, during which there was virtually no movement shown by either of them, and they seemed supremely indifferent to each other's presence. Then the cock slowly walked round the edge of the nesting platform until he stood facing her tail, whereupon she rose, stepped daintily over the sticks to the edge of the platform and flew down to the ground. Meanwhile he, no less daintily, stepped into the nest and settled down to take his spell of incubating.

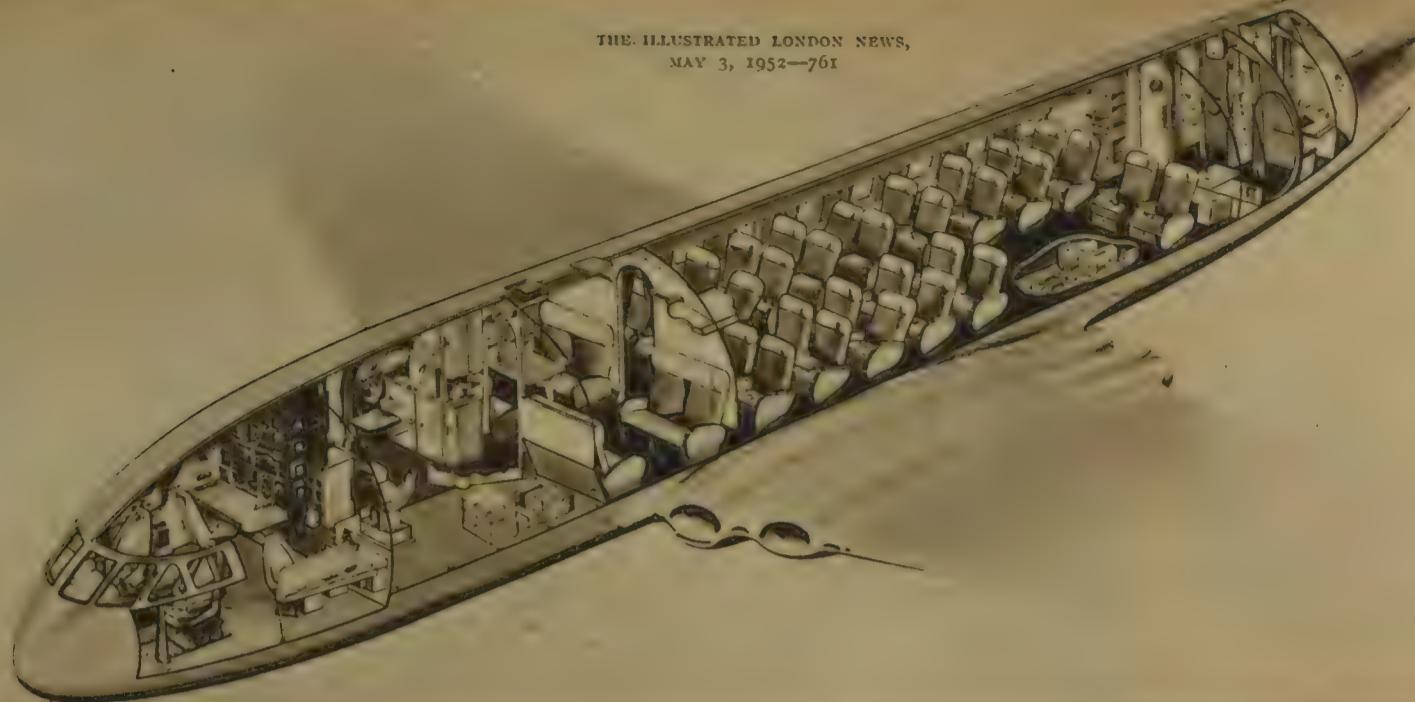
We had watched a ceremonial—a changing of the guard.

In the early studies of the behaviour of birds it was noted in many species that there was a kind of ceremonial, but it is only as a result of the intensive studies of recent years that we have realised how detailed and stereotyped this can sometimes be. To

we know that much of this symbolism was present in other civilisations. And it is highly likely that, if the present human populations and their works could be wiped out at one stroke and by some miracle a new human population created to take their place, their behaviour, including the symbolisms employed, would probably not differ markedly. It is even a fair guess that Neanderthal men shook hands when they met as a sign of peace (*i.e.*, friendship); that they exchanged gifts as a sign of betrothal; and so on. In other words, such actions are called innate, which being translated means that we are completely ignorant of the sources from which they spring, but that we know that they are called forth, from deep within us, by association with certain signs and signals perceived through the senses.

There should be no surprise at finding these same things in the "lower" animals, for the basic

It has been noted that a caged bird whose behaviour is fixated on a particular human being—that is, on the one whose pet the bird is—will sometimes present a stick to that person. And a tame rook has been known to empty its throatful of food into the hand of a person who habitually pets it. In such cases, even though the symbolism may have sprung from a physiological source associated with reproduction, it has become transmuted into a symbol of friendship, if not of affection. It is easy to suggest, therefore, an explanation of the action of the heron in picking up a stick. It was obvious, as can be seen in the photograph, that the arrival of her mate had stirred her emotions. These emotions centred round the tangible object of their association, namely, the nest. A stick symbolised for her the nest, and the seemingly fortuitous picking up of the stick was an action giving vent to her emotions.



THE INTERIOR OF THE LONDON-JOHANNESBURG COMET: (FROM FRONT TO REAR) THE COCKPIT, THE GALLEY, THE EIGHT-SEATER SMOKING-ROOM, THE MAIN CABIN, WITH LUGGAGE BELOW, STEWARDESS'S TABLE (PORT) AND LIBRARY (STARBOARD), ENTRY AND WASHROOMS AND TOILETS.



IN THE PASSENGERS' ENTRY VESTIBULE, WHERE THE STEWARDESS WELCOMES THE ARRIVALS AND HANDS THEM THE NIGHTBAGS FOR THEIR IMMEDIATE NEEDS.

HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS: A STRIKING PORTRAIT OF ONE OF THE SERIES I COMETS WHICH INAUGURATE THE WORLD'S FIRST REGULAR JET AIRLINER SERVICE.

THE SEATING IN THE COMET: EACH SEAT CAN BE ADJUSTED BY THE PASSENGER, BY FINGER-GRIP CONTROL, INTO A GREAT VARIETY OF POSITIONS.



IN THE ENTRANCE: ON EITHER SIDE OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE MAIN CABIN ARE TWO BOW-FRONTED CUPBOARDS FOR COATS, HATS AND LIGHT LUGGAGE.

LYING AFT OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE: THE ENTRANCES TO THE WASHROOMS, POWDER ROOM AND TOILETS—HERE SHOWN WITH THE CURTAINS LOOPED BACK.

THE "SHIP'S LIBRARY," WITH THE DRINKING-WATER FOUNTAIN IN THE SAME BLOCK. BEHIND THE PASSENGER ON THE RIGHT IS THE STEWARDESS'S TABLE.

#### INSIDE THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN AIRLINERS: THE COMETS OF THE WORLD'S FIRST REGULAR JET AIRLINER SERVICE.

Yesterday (May 2) was the date chosen for the opening of a new era of air travel—the inauguration of the world's first regular jet airliner service—the London-Johannesburg route by B.O.A.C.'s *Comets*. As described in our last issue, the time for the whole journey from London to Johannesburg is 23 hours 40 mins., the actual flying time being 18 hours 40 mins. (outward), 15 minutes longer (inward). In this issue we illustrate the lay-out and some of the details

of the amenities provided for the passengers. The diagram at the top of the page shows the standard B.O.A.C. layout: a forward cabin for eight passengers, with seats facing inwards to tables and a main cabin with thirty-six seats. Each seat is adjustable from several seating positions to a fully reclining one. The galley lies between the forward cabin and the crew compartment, and is fully equipped for serving meals, either piping hot or deliciously cool.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:  
PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

IN LONDON: SIR ROBERT HOWE, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN.

Sir Robert Howe, Governor-General of the Sudan since 1947, arrived in London on April 20 for consultations with Mr. Eden on the Anglo-Egyptian negotiations and on the problems arising from recent developments in connection with the Sudan. On April 23 the Sudan self-governing Constitution was approved in Khartoum by the Legislative Assembly.



MR. LESLIE BANKS.

Died on April 21, aged sixty-one. A distinguished actor and producer, he was awarded the C.B.E. in the New Year Honours. He made his first London appearance in 1914 in "The Dangerous Age." His outstanding successes included leading parts in "Service," "Clive of India," "Man of Yesterday," and "Good-bye, Mr. Chips."



MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.

Died in New York on April 23. An operatic soprano, famous as Sophie in "Der Rosenkavalier," Susanna in "Figaro," Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," and other roles, and an incomparable *Lieder* singer. She made her debut in Hamburg in 1908, but was not heard in London until 1924. She joined the Vienna State Opera in 1919.



WINNER OF THE BINNEY MEDAL FOR 1951:

MRS. PHYLLIS HOLMAN RICHARDS.

The Binney Medal for the bravest civilian act in helping the enforcement of law and order in London in 1951 has been awarded to Mrs. Phyllis Holman Richards, of Sloane Street, S.W. Although she had a broken rib and one arm strapped to her side, she intervened when a policeman was being brutally attacked during a smash-and-grab raid.



MISS GERTIE MILLAR.

Died on April 25, aged seventy-three. Gertrude Lady Dudley as Miss Gertie Millar was a musical comedy star. She appeared in many of George Edwardes' successes; and played lead in "Our Miss Gibbs," "The Spring Chicken," "The Country Girl," etc. She married the 2nd Earl of Dudley in 1924.



MISS HILDA MARTINDALE.

Died on April 18, aged seventy-seven. A prominent woman Civil Servant, she served in the Home Office for thirty-two years. In 1933 she was made Director of Women's Establishments at the Treasury, with responsibility for 70,000 women, a post she held until her retirement in 1937.



EIGHTY YEARS OLD ON APRIL 25: THE G.O.M. OF ENGLISH SPORT, CAPTAIN C. B. FRY, R.N.R.

Oxonian, first-class scholar and the supreme all-round athlete and games-player, Captain Charles Burgess Fry, who celebrated his eightieth birthday on April 25, is the boys' hero *par excellence* to all who have grown up in this century. Educated at Repton, senior scholar at Wadham College, Oxford, he was a triple Blue (cricket, Association football and athletics) and missed a Rugger Blue only by a last-minute accident.



MR. MAURICE LAMBERT, R.A.

The election of the distinguished sculptor, Mr. Maurice Lambert, as one of the two new Royal Academician was announced on April 25. He was born in 1901, and is a son of G. W. Lambert, R.A. He uses wood, alabaster, marble, aluminium, plate-glass, cellulose and concrete for his sculpture.



MR. STEVEN SPURRIER, R.A.

The well-known painter and illustrator whose work frequently appears in *The Illustrated London News*, Mr. Spurrier's election as a Royal Academician was announced on April 25. One of his 1952 Royal Academy exhibits is reproduced elsewhere in this issue.



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

SIR ARTHUR POWER.

Promoted to Admiral of the Fleet with effect from April 21. Born in 1889, he has been C-in-C. Portsmouth since September, 1950. He also holds the appointments of C-in-C. Home Station, and Allied C-in-C. Channel Command. He was promoted Admiral in 1946.



SIR MILSON REES.

Died on April 23, aged eighty-six. He was laryngologist to King George V. and to the Royal Household from 1910 to 1936. During the many years in which he was throat specialist to the Covent Garden Opera he attended nearly all the famous singers in the early decades of the century.



THE LONDON CONFERENCE ON CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION: SIR GILBERT RENNIE, LORD SALISBURY, SIR GODFREY HUGGINS, MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON AND SIR GEOFFREY COLBY (L. TO R.).

Lord Salisbury, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, who opened the Central African Federation Conference at Lancaster House on April 23, led the U.K. delegation with Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary. The delegations of Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland were headed respectively by Sir Godfrey Huggins, Prime Minister Southern Rhodesia, and by Sir Gilbert Rennie and



THE ONLY AFRICANS AT THE FEDERATION CONFERENCE: MR. JOSHUA NKOMO (L.) AND

MR. JASPER SAVANHU, CHIEF EDITOR AFRICAN NEWSPAPERS, LTD. (SOUTHERN RHODESIA).

Sir Geoffrey Colby, Governor of Northern Rhodesia and of Nyasaland. Progress was made. The question was due for discussion in the House of Commons last week in consequence of the refusal of the African delegates from Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland to attend the Conference or to accept the Government's invitation to remain in London. The Southern Rhodesia African delegates attended.

# A NEW WORLD BENEDICTINE NUNNERY BEFORE THE DAYS OF COLUMBUS: RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN SOUTH-WEST GREENLAND.

By C. L. VEBÆK, Keeper of the Danish National Museum, Copenhagen.

[In our issue of March 9, 1946, we published an account by Mr. C. L. Vebæk of Danish archaeological work among the mediæval Norse settlements in Greenland, immediately after the end of the war. The first stages of these excavations were crowned with the discovery in the summer of 1945 of a mediæval Benedictine nunnery beside the beautiful Unartooq Fjord. Christianity was brought to Greenland about A.D. 1000 by Leif Ericson, and although the actual date of the nunnery is not established, it must have been founded well before the voyages of Columbus, and there seems little question that this little outpost of Benedictine nuns represents the very first Benedictine nunnery in the New World—before, in fact, the New World was recognised as such. During 1945 only the nunnery church was excavated. It was oriented approximately east-west, and its interior measurements were about 42½ ft. by 16½ ft. It was oblong in form and three of its walls were built of stone about 3 ft. thick. The fourth wall was most probably of wood, as was not uncommon in Greenland. There is a fireplace hearth about the middle, and there were burials of about twenty persons inside the church, towards the west end, this latter fact establishing quite definitely that it was a nunnery church. Outside the church were a great number of burials, including some mass burials, both of young and old, evidence, it is thought, of an epidemic disease. The church was surrounded with a churchyard. These brief notes are based on previous information supplied by Mr. Vebæk, who, in the article below, continues the story of the excavations together with fresh discoveries of several mediæval farms in the Vatnahverfi settlement. The illustrations are all from photographs by Mr. Vebæk.]

SINCE the last war, much work has been done by Danish archaeologists to add to our knowledge of the mediæval Norse culture in Greenland. Two expeditions were sent out in 1945, one in 1946 and another in 1948. The last of these, under the leadership of the author of this article, stayed in Greenland for three-and-a-half years, and was also engaged on ethnological work among the Greenlanders of to-day. The most important tasks of this last expedition, as regards Norse culture, were a thorough topographical investigation of certain districts of the old settlements—especially with the object of trying to find still missing church ruins; and the excavation of some of the most interesting sites.

During the summer of 1948 nearly all the time was spent in excavating the nunnery in the Unartooq Fjord or, rather, finishing the excavation, work having been done previously in 1945 and 1946 (Figs. 1 and 2). In the first year we concentrated on the excavation of the church and churchyard, while in 1946 and 1948 we also—and chiefly—tried to clear the enormous site of what was believed to be the nunnery itself. The excavation, however, showed that the site contained the ruins of several buildings, the largest of which appears to be a dwelling-house, and this is most probably the nunnery itself. But, unfortunately, all these ruins were in such a bad state of preservation and so completely collapsed that excavation was extremely difficult, and we were unable to clear the whole site. We are now able to say that the largest house was a comparatively fine and dignified building, with its front wall built of huge stone blocks. Only in one of the rooms were the walls standing to any considerable height. This room was in all respects

the most interesting of the whole complex. In it we found the remains of no fewer than seven big wooden tubs, standing side by side and set below the level of the floor. These tubs, whose staves were held together with whalebone, had a diameter at the base of about 4 ft. 1 in. They had most probably been used as milk containers. When examined, however, they were found to contain all sorts of rubbish, including earth and dung. It would appear that at some time

needles—one still threaded with a woollen thread—and a small piece of wood with a runic inscription, the meaning of which is not clear.

In the same summer that the excavations at the Benedictine nunnery were finished, we also carried out a reconnaissance on horseback to the big inland district between the Igaliko and Agdluitsoq Fjords (Figs. 11 and 13). This country, which on the east borders the ice-cap and on the west reaches the Davies Strait, is rich in lakes big and small. There are many pleasant valleys, with fertile tracts of grass and the lower slopes of the mountains are covered with willow scrub and small birch woods. In mediæval times this district was densely populated by the Norsemen, who called it Vatnahverfi—the well-populated lake district. Along the shores of the lakes and by the seashores as well lie the grass- and willow-grown sites of the Norse farms and the two churches at present discovered—one of them the big, fairly well-preserved Undir Høfði church (the name means "the church which lies under the rather steep mountain") and the other a quite small, very indistinct church, found during the campaign of the summer of 1951. The reconnaissance trip was designed partly to map the many previously unknown farms, and partly to choose some of the most promising for excavation in later years. During the summers of 1949 and 1950 we concentrated on excavating in the interior of the Vatnahverfi. In all, four farms were excavated. Two of them lie side by side on the same small plain, at one end of a big lake, separated only by a narrow river (Fig. 11). The two others lie, each beside a small lake, in the mountains. It was rather difficult to move our material and equipment, but we used small motor-boats for crossing lakes and horses for crossing hilly ground.

The investigations in the Vatnahverfi settlement can be said to have given excellent results. The ruins of the farms were fairly well-preserved, some walls still standing to heights of between 3 and 6 ft. (Figs. 12 and 15). The dwellings were extremely interesting and important for the study of Norse building customs. There were different types of dwelling—some long-houses and some complexes. In all the dwellings, we were able to identify several rooms, in accordance with the arrangement and the objects found in them. In this way we found living-rooms (halls), kitchens (fire-houses), milk-rooms and bath-rooms. Among the outhouses we could distinguish cow-houses, barns, sheepfolds and storehouses. All the dwellings were built in the usual Norse way—with stones and turf; while most of the outhouses were built of stones alone. In one dwelling-room we found the remains of three big tubs, of the same kind as those known from the nunnery. In one of these tubs we found the tiny bones of about a hundred mice. There seems to be no other explanation than that the mice—when the farm was abandoned—had entered the tub in order to feast on the food in it—most probably milk. As they could not climb out, they all perished there. This is the first time that bones of mice have been found at a mediæval Norse farm in Greenland. From the kitchen middens in front of the houses were excavated bones of many other animals. These bones have not yet been fully examined, but it can



FIG. 1. WHERE BENEDICTINE NUNS ESTABLISHED A NUNNERY IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE BEFORE COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA: UNARTOOQ FJORD, IN SOUTH-WEST GREENLAND. THE WHITE TENTS OF THE EXPEDITION CAN BE SEEN BESIDE THE FJORD, WITH THE SITE OF THE NUNNERY JUST TO THE LEFT OF THEM.



FIG. 2. THE REMAINS OF THE UNARTOOQ BENEDICTINE NUNNERY, AFTER EXCAVATION BESIDE THE WATERS OF THE FJORD.

the function of the room was changed, and the tubs—or, rather, what was left of them—were filled up and the level of the floor raised. Thanks to the excellent preservative conditions, many objects of wood, bone and other materials which usually disappear, were discovered. A nicely carved and decorated wooden spoon must be given prominence (Fig. 10). It carries two runic inscriptions, one near the end of the shaft, the other on the broad central part. The first inscription is in general runes, but the other is carved in the so-called band-runes and forms part of the decoration. Curiously enough, both inscriptions say the same thing: the word "sbon," which is the same as the English "spoon." Among other things found in the room with the big tubs may be mentioned some bone

already be stated that the following are represented: horse, cow, sheep and goat, together with a great number of Greenlandic wild animals, including polar bear, reindeer, hare, walrus, several species of whale and seal, and many different birds and fishes. The finds of mediæval objects of all kinds were abundant, and some of them were previously unknown. First may be mentioned the fragments of two small crucifixes of steatite, which are quite unique (Figs. 3 and 4), a hammer, an axe, wool-shears and some sickles—all of iron (Fig. 14). There were several gaming-pieces of bone, walrus-ivory and wood, and among them some nice chessmen (Figs. 8 and 9). There are combs and bodkins of bone (Fig. 7). There are—as is usual in Norse ruins—

[Continued overleaf.]

## A UNIQUE MEDIEVAL CRUCIFIX FROM SOUTH-WEST GREENLAND, WITH DOMESTIC AND GAMING RELICS.



FIG. 3. A UNIQUE GREENLAND DISCOVERY: REMAINS OF A STEATITE CRUCIFIX, ONE OF A PAIR DISCOVERED IN A MEDIEVAL FARM AT VATNAHVERFI.



FIG. 4. THE REVERSE OF THE STEATITE CRUCIFIX SHOWN IN FIG. 3. STEATITE, OR SOAPSTONE, WAS A COMMON MATERIAL FOR MANY SMALL ARTICLES.



FIG. 5. BEARING THE WORD "MAGNA" IN RUNES—PROBABLY THE NAME OF A WOMAN: AN ENGRAVED PLATE OF STEATITE FOUND AT VATNAHVERFI.



FIGS. 6 AND 7. (ABOVE) A WHALEBONE FRAGMENT, PERHAPS OF A SMALL SPADE-HANDLE, BEARING IN RUNES THE INSRIPTION "GUNNAR," A MALE NAME—FROM VATNAHVERFI. (PICTURE, RIGHT) COMBS AND BODKINS CARVED FROM BONE—ALSO FROM A VATNAHVERFI NORSE FARM.

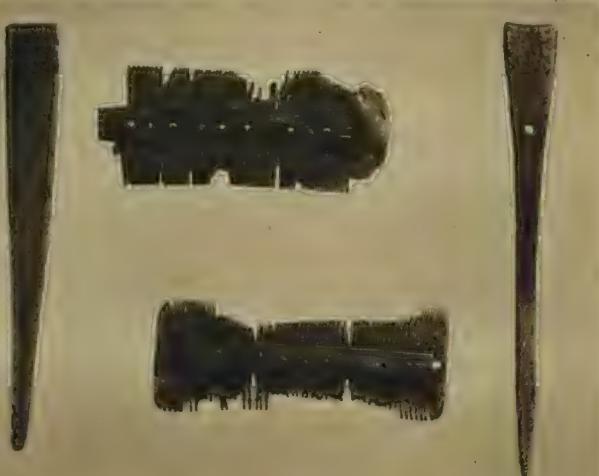


FIG. 8. VARIOUS GAMING PIECES CARVED FROM BONE AND WALRUS-IVORY—ALL FROM VATNAHVERFI. THE TWO LOWER PIECES ARE BELIEVED TO BE CHESSMEN.



FIG. 9. SUNDRY OBJECTS FROM VATNAHVERFI: (LEFT) A SUN-RAY DISK, USE UNKNOWN; (RIGHT) A GAMING-PIECE; (LOWER RIGHT) A LADLE; WITH CENTRE (BELOW) A GLASS BEAD AND (ABOVE) A FRAGMENT OF RHENISH POTTERY.



FIG. 10. A FINE WOODEN SPOON FROM THE UNARTOQ NUNNERY, BEARING TWO INSCRIPTIONS IN DIFFERENT RUNES, BOTH GIVING THE WORD "SBON" OR "SPOON."

*Continued.* many fragments of steatite vessels and lamps. Among the objects found are some bearing runic inscriptions, and two of these inscriptions give us the names of two of the inhabitants of one of the farms—a woman, Magna, and a man, Gunnar (Figs. 5 and 6). A most interesting find is a quite small piece of Rhenish stoneware

(Fig. 9). This fragment represents a vessel imported from Europe—one of the very few objects found in Greenland which can with certainty be said to be of European origin. Yet the most remarkable find of all may be said to be the parts of a skeleton (unfortunately very decomposed) which was found in the passage

*[Continued opposite.]*

## WHERE BENEDICTINE NUNS AND NORSE FARMERS SETTLED LONG BEFORE THE DAYS OF COLUMBUS.



FIG. 11. IN THE VATNAHVERFI DISTRICT. TWO FARMS WERE FOUND ON EITHER SIDE OF THE STREAM, NEAR THE TENTS.



FIG. 12. ONE OF THE FARMS FOUND AT THE FIG. 11 SITE, BEFORE EXCAVATION.



FIG. 13. THE SITE OF A MEDIEVAL NORSE FARM IN THE VATNAHVERFI AREA. BY GREENLAND STANDARDS THIS DISTRICT CONTAINS A NUMBER OF FERTILE VALLEYS.



FIG. 15. PART OF THE STONE-BUILT FARMHOUSE, ALSO SHOWN IN FIG. 12, BUT AFTER EXCAVATION. MEDIEVAL DWELLING-HOUSES WERE BUILT OF TURF AND STONE IN COMBINATION.



FIGS. 14 AND 16. (ABOVE) A NUMBER OF IRON OBJECTS FOUND AT A VATNAHVERFI FARM: (LEFT) AN AXE; (RIGHT) A SICKLE; (CENTRE, TOP TO BOTTOM) A HAMMER, A BLADE OF A PAIR OF SHEARS, A KNIFE. (PICTURE, RIGHT) A WELL-PRESERVED FIREPLACE AT ONE OF THE FARMS.



FIG. 17. A SCOOP (LEFT) AND A SPATULA OF WOOD, OF ROBUST DESIGN, FOUND IN THE RUINS OF THE UNARTOQ BENEDICTINE NUNNERY. AT MOST OF THESE SITES, THE OBJECTS WERE EXCEPTIONALLY WELL PRESERVED, DATING AS THEY DO FROM ABOUT A.D. 1000 TO 1550.

*Continued.*  
of the biggest of the excavated complexes—a house with fourteen rooms—at a large but remote farm. As far as the preliminary anthropological examination reveals, these bones represent the remains of a Norseman. Whether this Norseman

died of age, or from some illness, or was killed by the Eskimos, we do not know. But there can be no doubt that this was the last inhabitant of the farm—perhaps one of the very last of the whole settlement.

## AT BADMINTON: SCENES AT THE END OF THE THREE-DAY EVENT.



1. H.M. THE QUEEN PRESENTING THE TROPHY FOR THE THREE-DAY TEST TO CAPTAIN M. A. Q. DARLEY, OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS. 2. THE WINNING HORSE AND RIDER: CAPTAIN M. A. Q. DARLEY ON HIS LIVER CHESTNUT MARE *EMILY LITTLE*. 3. H.M. THE QUEEN PRESENTING A BRONZE STATUETTE OF *FOXHUNTER* TO LIEUT.-COLONEL HARRY LLEWELLYN, WATCHED BY PRINCESS MARGARET. 4. LOOKING AT *FOXHUNTER*, THE FAMOUS JUMPER: THE QUEEN WITH PRINCESS MARGARET, THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT AND LIEUT-COLONEL HARRY LLEWELLYN, WHO IS HOLDING UP THE STATUETTE FOR COMPARISON. 5. PRINCESS MARGARET MEETS *FOXHUNTER*; THE QUEEN (RIGHT) WATCHES HER SISTER STROKING THE FAMOUS HORSE.

The three-day equestrian event at Badminton ended on April 25, when the crowd surpassed all previous records. The victor of the three-day event was Captain M. A. Q. Darley, who won brilliantly on his liver chestnut mare *Emily Little*. Second and third, with only half a point dividing them, were Mr. Hutton's *Dandy* (Mr. Bryan Young) and Brigadier Bolton on his *Greylag*. After a demonstration by the Olympic jumping team, in which out of about 190 fences

only ten were disturbed, the Queen presented a bronze statuette of *Foxhunter* to Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Llewellyn. It was given to him by the British Show Jumping Association in recognition of his award of the title "leading rider in Europe" for the third year in succession—a record which has never been achieved before. Other photographs of the equestrian event at Badminton, which was attended throughout by H.M. the Queen, appear on the facing page.



(ABOVE.) IN A FARM WAGON WHICH SERVED AS A ROYAL STAND : THE QUEEN, WEARING A HEAD-SCARF, PRINCESS MARGARET (HAT-LESS) AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (IN DARK GLASSES) WATCHING PART OF THE CROSS-COUNTRY SECTION.

### ATTENDED BY H.M. THE QUEEN: THE THREE-DAYS EQUESTRIAN EVENT AT BADMINTON.

THE QUEEN, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret attended the three-day Olympic Horse Trials on April 23, 24 and 25 at Badminton. They stayed privately as guests of the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton House. There were forty-seven entries for the three-days equestrian trials, including a strong Irish contingent. Owing to the Olympic Games the trials were not international this year, although a team event was staged. On the first day the Queen and the Royal party watched the *dressage* tests, in which the Olympic candidates took a full and active part, though none were actually competing, as the object of the training, now only halfway through, is to have these horses in the best possible condition in August. In the evening the Queen visited the stables and toured the seventeen-mile cross-country course in a *Land-Rover*. On the second day the

(Continued below.)



AT BADMINTON HOUSE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RING DURING THE DRESSAGE TESTS, WHICH WERE HELD ON APRIL 23.



WALKING FROM BADMINTON HOUSE TO WATCH THE START OF THE CONTESTS ON APRIL 23:  
THE QUEEN ACCCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, WHO WAS HOST TO HER MAJESTY.



A SPECTACULAR JUMP AT BADMINTON DURING THE THREE-DAYS EQUESTRIAN EVENT: *SPECULATION*, RIDDEN BY MR. J. R. HINDLEY, SEEN TAKING A WATER JUMP.

Continued.]  
Royal party watched part of the cross-country section from a wagon which commanded a view of several fences. The Queen, however, spent much of the day driving round, visiting fences; and on several occasions she joined the crowd over the ropes. The show-jumping took place on the last day. The course over



A FINE JUMP: LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. ORAM, THE ONLY ROYAL NAVY REPRESENTATIVE IN THE OLYMPIC SQUAD, RIDING *BAMBI V.* AT BADMINTON. THE OLYMPIC TEAM ARE HALFWAY THROUGH THEIR TRAINING FOR HELSINKI; THEY ARE TO JUMP IN DUBLIN AND LUCERNE THIS MONTH.

which the horses jumped was naturally not of equal severity to that of the courses laid out for the Games. The Queen has been taking a keen interest in Britain's preparations for the Olympic Games, and it was announced on April 15 that the Duke of Edinburgh is to visit Finland from July 26 to August 3.



ONLY THREE MILES FROM THE CENTRE OF THE ATOMIC BOMB TARGET: AMERICAN SOLDIERS LOOKING OUT FROM THEIR FOXHOLES AS THE SMOKE COLUMN MOUNTS TO 35,000 FT.



AMERICA'S BIGGEST ATOMIC EXPLOSION FROM OVER 25 MILES AWAY: THE ATOMIC CLOUD SAILING INTO THE SKY, AND PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A ROOF-TOP IN LAS VEGAS.

AMERICA'S BIGGEST ATOMIC EXPLOSION, WHICH TROOPS WITNESSED FROM ONLY THREE MILES'



AMERICAN NEWS REPORTERS AND OBSERVERS BEING TAKEN OVER THE SITE FROM WHICH IN AMERICA. THEIR GRANDSTAND ON APRIL 22 WAS THE DARK MOUND IN THE CENTRE,



THEY WITNESSED THE BIGGEST ATOMIC EXPLOSION THE EXPLOSION BEING ON THE HORIZON, LEFT.

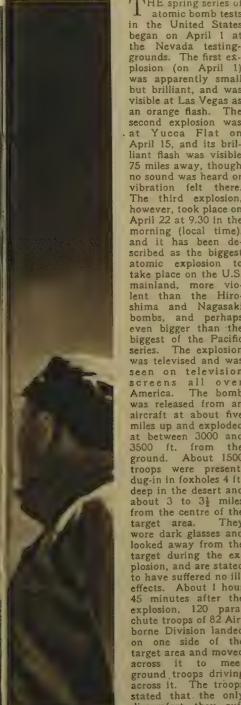


HOW AMERICA'S BIGGEST ATOMIC EXPLOSION APPEARED TO THE NEWS CORRESPONDENTS PRESENT—IN THE FOREGROUND, TROOPS WERE MUCH NEARER, WITHIN THREE MILES OF THE EXPLOSION. THE FLASH WAS 175 TIMES AS BRILLIANT AS THE SUN.

DISTANCE AND INTO WHOSE TARGET AREA PARATROOPS DROPPED ONE HUNDRED MINUTES LATER.



U.S. MILITARY OBSERVERS, ABOUT THREE MILES FROM THE BURST, RISING FROM TO OBSERVE THE LATER STAGES OF THE BIGGEST ATOMIC EXPLOSION



THEIR FOXHOLES IN AMERICA.



IN THE FOREGROUND, TROOPS WERE MUCH NEARER, WITHIN THREE MILES OF THE EXPLOSION. THE FLASH WAS 175 TIMES AS BRILLIANT AS THE SUN.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IF only, now and then, the tide of fiction could be held up, to make a little space for the exceptional! Then popularity might go by merit. Even that nearly desperate case, the work of an unmodish foreigner, would have a chance to catch on. But as it is, the potent causes of celebrity are luck, recurrence and a big noise. It would be almost cheating to present a rarity, and not to sound a fanfare.

What I am leading up to is the fanfare for "Barabbas," by Pär Lagerkvist (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.). Let us be frank, and treat the author as unknown in England. If last year's Nobel Prize, and Lucien Maury's introduction, and a letter from André Gide, and glowing opinions by Dean Inge and Father Martindale and other worthies do a scrap of good, it would be foolish to dislike the plugging. But I doubt if they will. What the occasion calls for is a silence; which is, of course, impossible. For we are on the threshold of a revelation. After the mingled roar of all the ordinary novels as they crowd along, here is the still, small voice. And it goes through one's very marrow. It makes one feel that other novelists are thrashing around, filling a lot of space with very little of importance. Pär Lagerkvist can bound himself within a nutshell, and suggest infinity. He is not terse exactly; he is quintessential.

This piercing depth, and sole preoccupation with the heart of things, is not peculiar to "Barabbas"; it is the author's hallmark. But here it is ideally fitted to the theme. Barabbas, coming up out of his dungeon, sees a strange man in a bright light. Of course, the light soon fades—it was a momentary dazzle. But the man is extraordinary. Barabbas does not like him. Yet somehow he is drawn to Golgotha, to see him crucified. And even then he can't escape; he has to ask and listen, to collect the rumours, to haunt the credulous disciples. . . . The Son of God—the resurrection—"Love one another"—No, it is all made up; Barabbas does not want it to be true. He is himself, his own inviolable fortress. He is an animal, revolted by the choice of death and suffering. And then—that gleam of light, of an impossible "reality," is too hard to bear. For, anyhow, he *can't* believe. Those simple souls, indeed, are making it up; through love, they see reality transfigured. But he has not the power; he was conceived in hatred of God and man.

This is to be a lifelong conflict. Very slowly, he is worn down. After a gap of years, we find him ageing, in a Roman copper-mine, chained to a Christian slave. Now he is straining dumbly for belief; but the attempt collapses. And when at last, in Rome, he thinks to burst out of his "realm of death," exults to prove himself a Christian—he can only prove that he has no god. When I first read this book, it seemed to me that "piercing" would define its quality. Now I should rather call it harrowing.

"Children of Kaywana," by Edgar Mittelholzer (Peter Nevill; 16s.), is rather bad, in a sensational and lavish way. So it may seem unkind to put it next "Barabbas." I have a motive, though, and an excuse. Because the writer's talent for fiction is so obvious, and he began so well, his aberrations should be treated gravely. And then there is the strong affinity of contrast. This tale is almost a "Barabbas" in reverse, "Barabbas" with its art and values turned upside down.

Again the subject is historical; we are among Dutch planters in Guiana in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But here the story is outsize; the medium is sound and fury; the ideal is "strength." The van Groenwegels have "fire-blood, fighter-blood." They never run; that is the family tradition. It comes down from Kaywana, their heroic ancestress, who chose to fight and die, and see her children butchered, in an Indian raid, rather than fly with them to safety. Her "strong" descendants ask no better than to do likewise. But there are "weak" ones too. The weaklings, almost to a man, are morally imbecile; the strong tend to be brutes or demons. And the flower of the race, the "great," magnificent Hendrickje, is a frantic sadist. It is admitted that she goes too far. But still, her course is honoured and triumphant; and at ninety years old, amid the horrors of a slave revolt, she finds apotheosis.

The tale is full of ghastliness and of galvanic energy; but it has not much life. Its dialogue is strangely wooden. And its cult of "strength" is what Barabbas might have preached before the Crucifixion, if he had been pompous enough.

Needless to say, Georges Simenon's "The House by the Canal" (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 10s. 6d.) is quite another kind of thing. In fact this writer is becoming difficult and almost needless to report in detail. He has his plot of earth, his well-known segment of reality. . . . Yet here we do meet with a variation. Not in the title-story; that is the mixture as before. A petted, town-bred orphan of sixteen, dumped on a family of country cousins, amuses her contempt and boredom with a dream of fire. But it is not just play; it is a shuddering and wilful courtship of a sticky end. The Flemish atmosphere, as usual, can be almost felt.

In "The Ostenders," it recurs with a sea-change. Five trawler-crews, with all their families and chattels, have escaped the Germans in their home town, only to be detained at La Rochelle. They have to yield up to a point. They are installed as refugees—a calm plutocracy of refugees. But their gigantic leader knows his own mind. And finally, though at a cruel expense, he gets his own way. This wholesome yarn, with its confiding matiness of accent and its social comedy, is slightly unexpected and agreeable; but rather long-drawn.

"Night Train to Paris," by Manning Coles (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), features another duel for those invaluable "papers." Alton is trying to sell them to the Russians. And Alton's sister has a most respectable admirer. And in the course of the "negotiations," the admirer gets a big fright. He runs for Paris, to his twin and double who was educated in the Foreign Legion. But he fails to arrive; so Laurence the Legionary girds himself for vengeance. Laurence doesn't know about the papers—for which the Russians are now pursuing him, as they don't suspect he is a new man. Neither does Tommy Hambledon, the British agent. The tale speeds back and forth, from London to Paris, leaving a trail of corpses in its wake; and all is ingenuity and breeziness.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## DEAR OLD ANARCHIST.

"CHARLIE," said Mr. Augustus John, slapping Charlie Chaplin on the back on social conditions in a way which he found congenial, "why, you're nothing but a dear old anarchist!" "Yes, that's about it," replied Mr. Chaplin. But he might equally have retorted, "And so for that matter are you." "Chiaroscuro," Mr. Augustus John's "fragments of autobiography" (Cape; 30s.), is as anarchical a life-story as any practising anarchist could wish. It has no chronological order. That is to say, when Mr. John refers to "the war," you do not know whether he is referring to World War I. or World War II. You are led a delightful will-o'-the-wisp dance from early childhood to Mr. John's old age (if one can apply such a term to one who remains perennially young) and back again, from descriptions of the literary or artistic great to the doings of gypsies in Wales or Marseilles. And it is only by inference and by reading farther that you can tell whether you are in England or France or Italy or Spain. Mr. John has all the inconstancy and the delightful economy and astringency of style of my beloved John Aubrey. He carries into his writing the detachment proper to the artist. His friends are not spared. Thus Horace de Vere Cole, the famous practical joker, who was a lifelong friend, is described as presenting "to the world the interesting spectacle of a pseudo Anglo-Irish aristocrat impersonating the God of Mischief." Bernard Shaw, whom he greatly admired and regarded as "a true Prince of the Spirit, a fearless enemy of cant and humbug, and in his queer way, a highly respectable though strictly uncanonical saint," is not spared. He regarded his conversation as often irritating, remarking "the style proper to privacy is not that suitable to the platform, but this practised orator seemed sometimes to overlook the distinction." Comparing Sir William Rothenstein, another great friend, with Sir William Orpen, he says of the former that his speech "owed nothing to his native Yorkshire, being modelled closely on the best examples to be met with at Oxford, a town he had visited personally." But the malice of his wit, which is wholly delightful, is not intended to wound his victims, and Mr. John loses no opportunity of adding some kindly word or recounting some incident which is calculated to take the edge off it. Thus the account of his appalling pursuit by the pertinacious Mme. Strindberg sets one admiring his ingenuity in evading her and laughing at the lady's pertinacity only to come, at the end, on Mme. Strindberg's pathetic and dignified final letter, which fills one with admiration, pity and compunction. The book is illustrated by many of the reproductions of Mr. John's portraits and the hint contained in the foreword that there is more to come will be seized on eagerly by those who find this first instalment an utter delight.

I think that Mr. Augustus John would have found himself more at home in the Elizabethan age than in our modern times. True Bohemianism during the lifetime of the great Queen was to be found mostly among the play-actors. Mr. G. L. Hosking, in "The Life and Times of Edward Alleyn" (Cape; 15s.), provides an excellent picture of late Elizabethan and early Jacobean England. Edward Alleyn started life as an innkeeper and a player, made a fair fortune as one of the two principal actor-managers of his day, increased that fortune as "Master of the Queen's Games of Bulls and Bears" (or, to give him his full title, "Chief Master, Ruler and Overseer of all and singular our Games of Bears, Bulls, Mastiff Dogs and Mastiff Bitches"), and left as a perpetual memorial to himself the "College of God's Gift at Dulwich," a foundation which now covers a whole range of valuable educational establishments. Mr. Hosking has a most agreeable pen and happily there is plenty of documentary evidence as to Edward Alleyn's life, so that the "times" which properly form the background are not used as mere padding. (Incidentally, speaking of the period when Edward Alleyn first bought his estate at Dulwich, it is not unamusing to find that the Court Rolls of the Manor of Dulwich, of which he became Lord, revealed that one John Lewys, a victualler, was fined ten shillings for charging more than a penny a quart of strong beer!)

I should wish that Mr. Ernest A. Gray, the author of "Portrait of a Surgeon" (Hale; 16s.), a life of the great John Hunter, had called it "The Life and Times of John Hunter." For Mr. Gray falls into the fault which Mr. Hosking avoids and which I strongly dislike—the padding of his subject. Again and again one comes across phrases which begin: "One can imagine him doing so-and-so," when we have no evidence whatsoever that he did anything of the sort. Here is a typical example. "As young John Hunter trudged doggedly on to London, passers-by may have smiled at his rustic clothes and heavy boots, but the more reflective, noting his red hair and truculent blue-grey eyes, would remark that here was one destined to leave his mark whatever his trade." This is applying methods legitimate in a historical novel which, I shall always maintain, are quite illegitimate in a historical biography. Apart from this failing, however, the book has great interest.

Whatever period you like to select, whether that of Mr. Augustus John's contemporaries, Mr. Gray's John Hunter, or Mr. Hosking's Edward Alleyn, you will find a description of the clothes worn at that period, down to shoes and underpants, in "English Costume from the Second Century, B.C., to 1950," by Doreen Yarwood (Batsford; 35s.). This is as interesting a book as I have read for a very long time. In addition to tracing the clothing of our immediate ancestors from the early Britons (exploding, incidentally, my cherished theory that they wore woad next to the skin, and substituting for it checked garments which were the primitive origins of the plaid) down to what the smart young woman was wearing in 1950, the authoress contributes some early chapters on the ancient civilisation from Egyptian to Byzantine times. Each change in fashion through the ages is illustrated with sketches reconstructing the garments of our ancestors, while an immense amount of scholarship has gone into digging out the details of their clothes. The coloured plates, which are most attractive, are as beautifully reproduced as one would expect in any book emanating from the great house of Batsford.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

The decisive game in the Midland Championship:

KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
BONHAM.	WOOD.	BONHAM.	WOOD.
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	6. Kt-B3	QKt-Q2
2. P-QB4	P-KKt3	7. Castles	Castles
3. Kt-QB3	B-Kt2	8. Q-B2	P-B3
4. P-K4	P-Q3	9. R-Q1	Q-K2
5. B-K2	P-K4	10. P-QKt3	R-K1

Threatening 11. . . . P×P; 12. Kt×P, Kt×P.

11. P×P P×P 12. Kt-K1 Kt-B1

The game is now shaped for many moves by Black's struggles to manoeuvre a knight to his Q5 square, where it would dominate the game, and White's determination to frustrate him.

13. P-QR4 Kt(B3)-Q2 15. B-KKt4 Kt-K3

14. B-R3 Q-Q1 16. B×Kt R×B

So one of Black's ambitious knights has cost White a bishop.

17. R-Q3 B-B1 19. QR-Q1 Kt-B4

18. B×B Q×B 20. R(Q3)-Q2 R-K1

Threatening 21. . . . Kt-K3 and 22. . . . Kt-Q5.

21. Kt-Q3 B-Kt5 22. P-B3 B-K3

White has countered well, and now threatens to control the open queen's file with rooks and queen, so Black must attend to his development. If now 23. Kt×P, Kt×KtP!; 24. Q×Kt, Q-B4ch; 25. K-R1, Q×Kt, preventing 26. Q×P because of 26. . . . Q×Kt. Net result: isolation of White's remaining queen's side pawns. Of course, if 24. Kt×KtP not 24. . . . P×Kt; 25. Q×Kt; but 24. . . . Q-B4ch and 25. . . . Kt×R.

23. Kt-K2 P-B3 25. K-B1 P-QKt4

24. Kt×Kt Q×Ktch 26. Kt-B1

White is suddenly in trouble. If 26. P×P?; Q×Q; 27. R×Q, B×P.

26. P×RP 27. Kt-Q3

Hoping for 27. . . . P×P; 28. Kt×Q, P×Q; 29. R×P, when the threat of R-Q6 even makes White's prospects preferable.

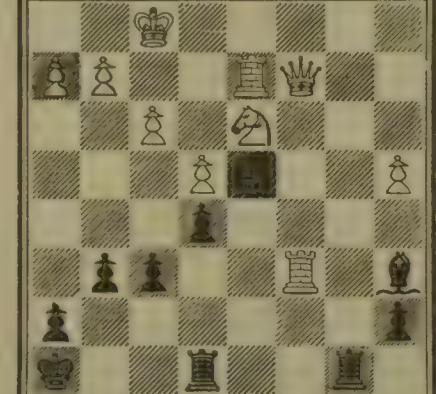
27. Q-Q5! 28. P×P

If 28. Kt-K4, P×P!; and now 29. R×Q?; P×Q? loses a rook! 29. Q×P, B×Pch is equally horrid.

28. B×P 31. R×P QR-Kt1

29. R-B1 B-R3 32. Q-B2

30. Q-Kt3ch K-R1



32 . . . R-Kt7!! White resigns.

For if 33. Q-Qr or 33. Q-B1, B×Ktch; and Black mates in three moves at most. Interesting is 33. Q×R, B×Ktch; 34. R×B (not 34. K-K1, Q-Kt8 mate), Q×R; 35. R-Q7. White is, in effect, a rook down, but the threat of R(B6)-B7 followed by perpetual check by the rooks might be troublesome, had not Black the one resource 35. . . . Q-R7; 36. R(B6)-B7, R-Kt1. Now when the Black king gets to KB1, White can check no more and he is himself threatened with mate.

Mr. Augustus John's contemporaries, Mr. Gray's John Hunter, or Mr. Hosking's Edward Alleyn, you will find a description of the clothes worn at that period, down to shoes and underpants, in "English Costume from the Second Century, B.C., to 1950," by Doreen Yarwood (Batsford; 35s.). This is as interesting a book as I have read for a very long time. In addition to tracing the clothing of our immediate ancestors from the early Britons (exploding, incidentally, my cherished theory that they wore woad next to the skin, and substituting for it checked garments which were the primitive origins of the plaid) down to what the smart young woman was wearing in 1950, the authoress contributes some early chapters on the ancient civilisation from Egyptian to Byzantine times. Each change in fashion through the ages is illustrated with sketches reconstructing the garments of our ancestors, while an immense amount of scholarship has gone into digging out the details of their clothes. The coloured plates, which are most attractive, are as beautifully reproduced as one would expect in any book emanating from the great house of Batsford.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



## MERCURY

**MERCURY**, also known by its old English name quicksilver, is the only pure metal that is liquid at ordinary temperatures. One of the heaviest of the elements, it is obtained from cinnabar, a compound of mercury and sulphur, which is mined in Italy, Spain and the Americas. The best known use of mercury is in thermometers and barometers, but its ability to dissolve certain other metals makes it of importance in the chemical industry, and in gold-mining where it is used in one method of extracting gold. Compounds of mercury have many uses. Both mercurous and mercuric chloride play an important part in medicine—Paracelsus, the

Swiss physician was using mercury compounds early in the sixteenth century. In agriculture they are used in the manufacture of seed dressings. Oxides of the metal are used in special marine paints, and the bright scarlet pigment, vermillion, is made from mercuric sulphide. Fulminate of mercury, a powerful explosive, is used in the manufacture of detonators. I.C.I. uses mercury in one method of producing caustic soda and chlorine. It also uses compounds of mercury to make plastics, dyestuffs and other chemicals, including phthalic anhydride, one of the intermediates used in the manufacture of the brilliant 'Monastral' blue pigment.





# FRENCH RAILWAYS NEWS

## HOW TO S-T-R-E-T-C-H THAT £25

### Good Travel Agents have the answer

Lots of the people whose hearts sank at the latest cuts in foreign travel allowances are beginning to discover that things are not so bad after all.

Travel agencies have been able to assure many anxious enquirers that, with a little forethought, their £25 can be stretched (without undue strain!) to encompass a fortnight's holiday in France quite comfortably. They point out that travellers can get to any destination in France without spending a *single franc* on fares. Railway tickets are booked and paid for in sterling at any good Travel Agency in Britain.

Regarding locale, it is reported that enterprising travellers are finding many places off the beaten track that offer comfortable accommodation, lovely scenery, a delightfully uncommercialized atmosphere and a new slant on French life—all at prices within the statutory £25.

For many years a relatively few travel-wise people have been taking this kind of holiday regularly. Now force of circumstance is impelling many more to discover the simple

delights of what initiates call "the true France."

Ask at any good travel agency for details of holidays within the £25

### REDUCED FARES FOR TOURISTS

Tourist tickets at reduced fares will be maintained during 1952. These offer reductions of 20% and 30% on ordinary fares for return and circular journeys of at least 1,500 and 2,000 km. on the French Railways. A holiday bargain worth investigating. Party Tickets, for any return or transit journey in France, are another bargain. With these, ten or more passengers travelling together get a 30% reduction, and for thirty passengers or more it is as much as 40%.

### COUCHETTES

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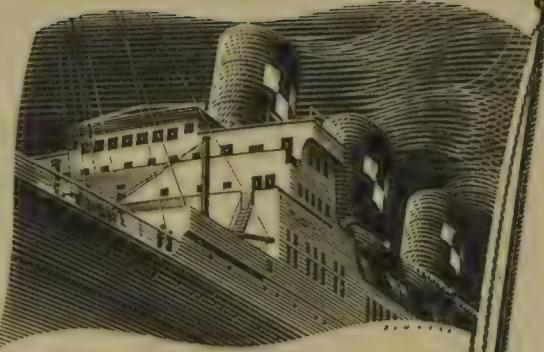
Note for those who can pick their dates. French Railways remind intending passengers that mid-week journeys are less crowded than week-end, and that holidays taken outside the peak period from July 15 to August 31 can cost less and are no great hardship in a country where summer starts early, stays late.

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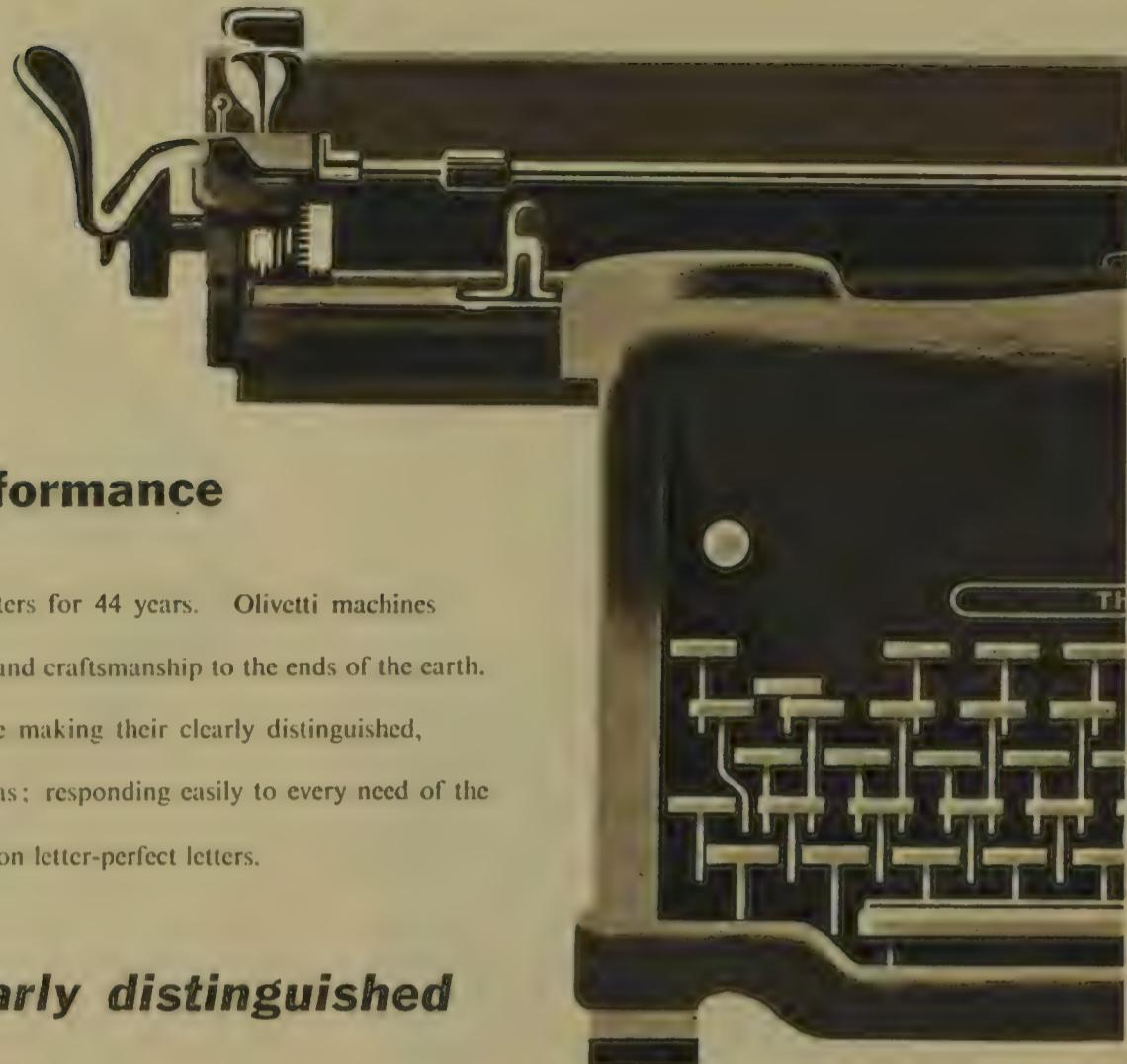


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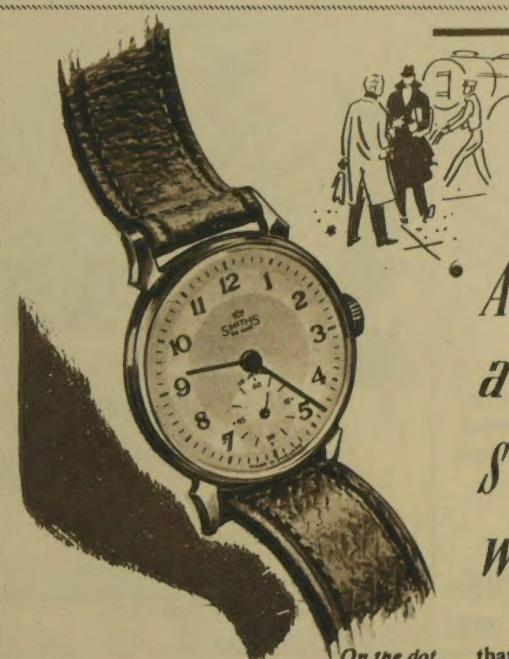
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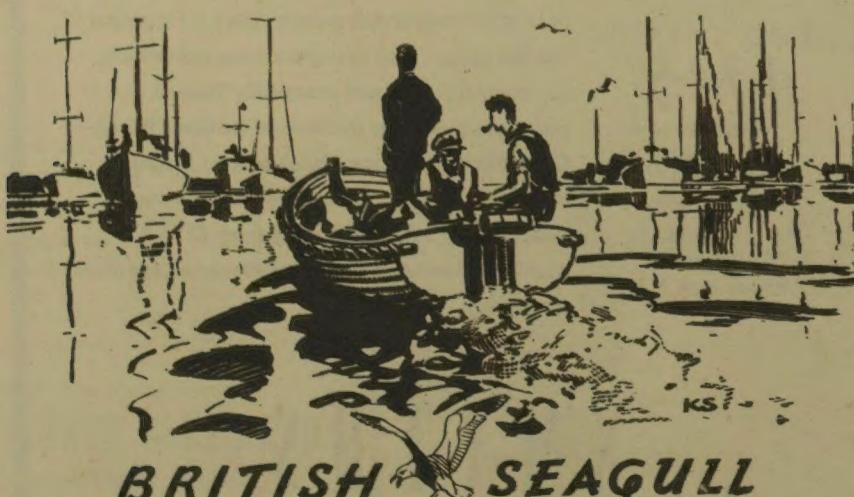
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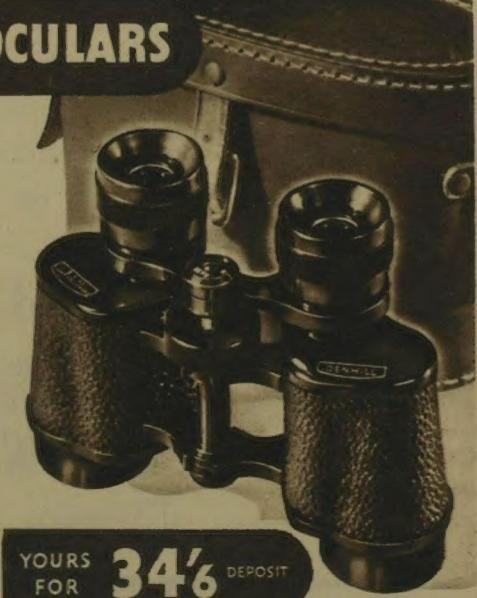
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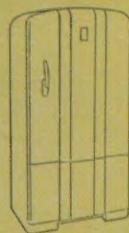
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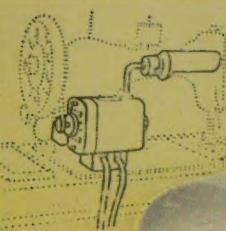
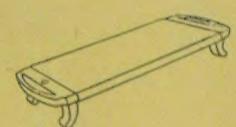
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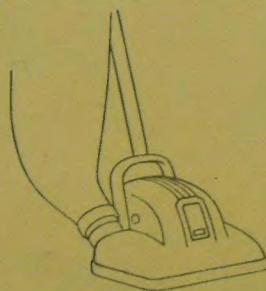
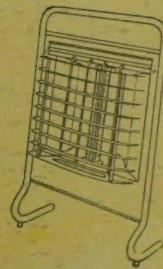
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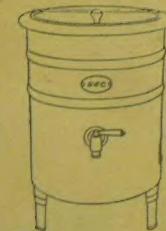
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